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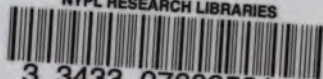
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# REVOLT

AN AMERICAN NOVEL

BY

WILLIAM H. McMASTERS



Lecture (American)

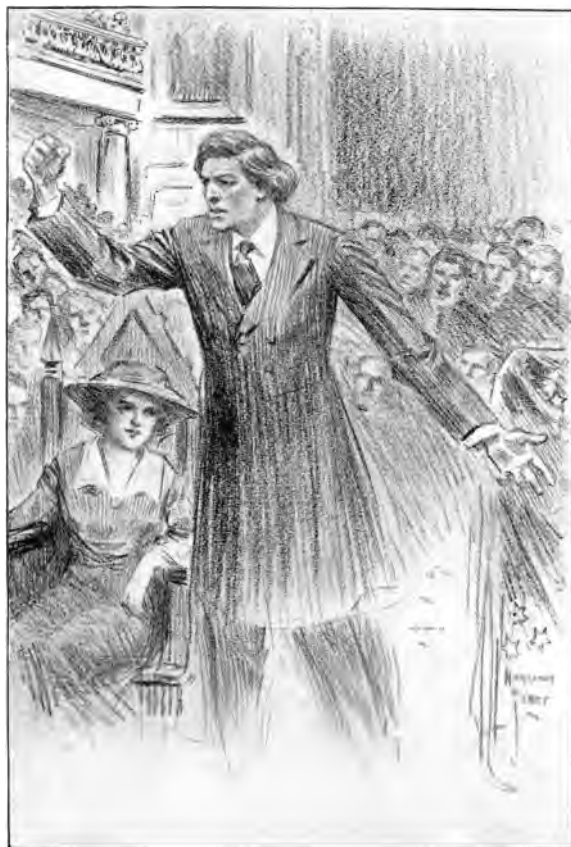
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*“The United States of America must make its decision”*

# REVOLT

*AN AMERICAN NOVEL*

BY  
WILLIAM H. McMASTERS

Author of  
"SOMEWHERE IN ETERNITY"  
"THE GREAT PUBLISHER GOES VISITING"  
"A LIMITED COMEDY," ETC., ETC.

*Illustrated by Hayden Jones*



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*To the immortals who have ever  
blazed the trail through the wilder-  
ness and shown the way to the  
countless billions who must follow  
blindly onward into the open spaces  
where humanity will some day set-  
tle the great problems of an ideal,  
popular government, this book is  
reverently dedicated by the author.*

Oct 61  
O. B. ...  
Jan 19 1960



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1

# PROLOGUE

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## THE SEED IS PLANTED

The great desire of a novelist is to begin his stories in a way that will attract attention — to awaken an intense interest at the very outset.

It must be apparent that a tiresome introduction to a story will not tend to make the story popular and if it is not popular, then the story will not have the audience that every author would like to address even though he professes that he is searching for quality rather than quantity in his readers. An author who spurns an audience is like a candidate who prefers to be defeated. There is none such.

In the present offering, the author admits that he would like to start this story with a rush and yet he finds it impossible to do so. Prologues or introductions are generally dull, and in many cases have been really unnecessary.

In the present story, however, the author feels that a prologue is essential to a thorough understanding of all those events that followed and so — having put

the question of an opening squarely up to his readers — the author makes it a matter of personal honor with each one to read the prologue carefully before going into the story, proper.

You know how it is when somebody tries to anticipate the answer to one of your anecdotes — how it not only spoils the anecdote itself, but makes you almost wish you hadn't essayed to tell it. Well, that is the way an author feels when he learns that somebody didn't like one of his stories — and he is especially sad when he learns that maybe the only reason for not liking the story was because a reader jumped over it rather than read it in logical sequence.

So you see how important it is from the author's standpoint for you to know that:

The commencement exercises at Harvard to honor the class of 1925 had brought many notables to Cambridge and that not the least of these in point of prestige was John Paine Morton, of New York, easily accepted as the world's most commanding figure in finance. John Paine Morton was present for two reasons. His alma mater had summoned him for the purpose of conferring the very special honorary degree of A.F.D., or Doctor of Administrative Finance, this being the first time that any institution in the world had conferred such a degree. The second reason for the distinguished financier's presence at the exercises was the fact that his only son, Roger Adams Morton, had successfully passed his examinations as a Senior

and was to graduate with A.B. attached to his name. It was a sort of Morton-Morton year at Harvard.

Young Morton's suite of rooms in Eliot Hall, the new dormitory overlooking the yard, consisted of a reception hall, a study, a dining room, two bedrooms, a private gym, a kitchen, and a few minor conveniences. Had there been less room, it would have been impossible for the son of the world's foremost banker to entertain his friends and relatives in a fitting manner.

The Class day exercises meant open house for young Morton. He had motored to Back Bay to meet his father's special car and insisted that his parent stay with him in Cambridge rather than at the Boston hotel where the elder had first planned.

"If you are going to get another degree from old Harvard, Governor, you will have to stay at my rooms over night or I'll have the program smashed tomorrow," was the argument advanced by the young man as he hustled his father into the big touring car.

"Who will do the smashing?" asked the smiling father.

"If you really think we can't smash programs at Harvard, Governor," answered Roger, "then you don't know the new rules. I suppose that if it came to a real decision, Dan Holman could handle things so that about any program could be smashed — provided, of course, there was a good reason for it."

"I've been reading of Holman in the *Crimson*," said the elder Morton. "Some of the things said

about him seemed all right — some of them were rather questionable — too radical, you might say.”

“Oh! yes,” ventured Roger, “Dan is radical enough to suit even the socialists in our class, but it is his great personality that has made him popular. He is to be class orator. Suppose you knew it?”

“No! I hadn’t kept as well posted as that,” smiled his father. “There are a few things that require attention in the banking business — have to read the Wall Street Journal occasionally as well as the *Crimson*.”

“You’ll see Dan at my rooms, tonight. We are to give a little reception to him and to Professor Falmouth.”

“Another radical, if I recollect what the Times said about his latest book,” said the elder.

“All depends on how you look at it, Governor. Professor Falmouth is full of what he calls ‘Fundamental Democracy.’ He is a deep thinker and, to tell you the truth, I enjoyed his course in advanced ‘polycon’ more than anything in my whole four years. I think you’ll like him.”

“Well! my boy, I think you are wrong. To a young man in college the ideas of men like Falmouth are treated as studies — they look upon them merely as something for their brains to exercise upon — mental gymnastics, as it were. But the outside world takes men like Falmouth seriously. He is teaching socialism — radicalism — the same stuff that has created

revolution all over Europe and that is now beginning to be felt in America. I don't like his teachings and I'm going to tell him so."

Roger Morton took a side-long glance at his father and smiled. "All right, Governor," he said, heartily. "Tell him anything you like. By the way, how was Mother when you left?"

"Slightly improved. Almost broke her heart not to be here. The new specialist says that in a month she will be up and about again — wonderful how much some doctors know and how much some others don't know."

"Also wonderful what some financiers know," suggested Roger. "How is the new merger coming along?"

"Papers will be signed by the five New York Presidents, next week. After that we will make the ten American additions in another month. The foreign signatories are being lined up. I want you to be ready to accept one of the vice-presidencies inside of a year." The father put his arm affectionately around the shoulders of his son.

"I hate to appear ungrateful, Governor, but you know just as well as I do that you are only starting on your career. As President of the new Universal Trust Co., with resources of three billions, you will be in a position to do a great deal of good in the world. It is for yourself and for humanity that you should be working."



"Oh!" smiled the father, "I don't propose quitting. In fact, the merger is only the starting point. In ten years — if I live — and there are no industrial upheavals — the Universal Trust Co. should have resources of over fifty billions and every big financial transaction in the world should be dominated by our Executive Committee. Let us control the big transactions and the little ones needn't bother us."

The big touring car had stopped in front of Eliot Hall and father and son alighted. A moment later they had both entered the rooms of young Morton, and it was not long before the serving man announced that dinner was ready.

"If I had been sure of you at dinner, I would have had Dan Holman join us," said Roger, as they took places at the dining table.

"I'm sure I would have enjoyed it," smiled his father. "The ideals of youth — the bubbling over of those who have never come into contact with the realities of life — always are interesting. Our office is full of old men who entered the banking business with the idea of reforming it. They have been reformed by it."

"So that they are now parts of the machine and nothing else," said Roger, sarcastically.

"What else is anybody but a part of the great machinery of humanity itself?" asked the great financier.

His son looked across the table at him. Hesitating

a moment, as if at a loss for words, he finally said, "What you say has a ring of philosophy, in fact, it sounds unanswerable. You know what Dan Holman says about things that are unanswerable?"

"No," replied his father, "I am not well enough versed in Holmaniana to know what he says about unanswerable remarks."

The younger man smiled. "Dan says," and then he laughed outright, "Dan says that the easiest thing on earth for an intelligent man to answer is an unanswerable political proposition."

The elder Morton looked intently at his son. "Something tells me I am going to enjoy meeting your friend Dan," he said, and then turned his attention to his neglected plate.

At eight-thirty the spread was set in the dining room and the added waiters were in readiness to take care of the wants of the expected guests. Young Morton and his father took their places in the reception hall.

"The riot will start in about a minute, Dad, so don't sit down," suggested Roger.

"Why riot?" asked his father.

"Because the boys are going the rounds. There are at least fifty spreads — many requiring cards, of course — but at Holman's suggestion I cut out all formalities and invited the entire undergraduate body to be here between eight-thirty and ten and if I am

not mistaken the outriders are already coming up the stairs."

He was right. The advance guard, consisting of the glee club mixed eight singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," and a new set of words to "Up the Street," paraded double-quick by father and son and took their stand in front of the spread in the dining room. By the time they were served, other hilarious and hungry Harvardians were crowding into Morton's rooms.

"You wouldn't know one of these boys if you ever saw him again, Governor," said Roger, after he had introduced his father to the six hundredth undergraduate.

"And I doubt if any of them would remember me," smiled his father.

It was about half past nine that the air of the room became tense. A sort of telepathic current seemed to run through the atmosphere. The singing stopped. The roar of voices subsided. The elder Morton looked at his son. The latter nodded and said in an undertone, "I guess Dan is coming up the stairs. We can always tell when he's coming." He turned his eyes to the door of the reception room, expectantly. His father's eyes also turned that way.

A young man stood in the doorway and smiled. He wasn't tall or short — just a medium-height young man, rather heavy in the shoulders and through the chest. His face wasn't handsome according to motion-

picture standards but there was character written into every line of it. A heavy mop of raven black hair set off his face so that when he smiled and said, "Good evening, gentlemen," in a vibrant tone, it looked to the elder Morton as if the entire doorway was one pleasant smile.

Dan Holman walked gracefully across the room and extended his hand to young Morton. As he did so, the thirty guests in the adjoining room raised their glasses and said in unison, "What's the matter with Dan Holman? He's all right! Who's all right? Dan Homan. All drink!" The glasses were emptied.

"Thank you, boys," said Holman, then turning to Roger, he said, "Sorry I was late, Roger. I've been over to Falmouth's house going over the speech with him."

"Father," said young Morton, "I take pleasure in presenting Dan Holman, our class orator." The two men shook hands.

"How did old Falmouth like the speech, Dan?" asked Roger.

"Better than I do. He suggested one or two changes that I have decided to adopt and I guess it will get over, all right." His air of confidence did not seem boastful.

"Public speaking is a great art, Mr. Holman," said the elder Morton.

"No, sir," retorted Holman. "It isn't an art at all.

It is a disease," and he winked at Roger, while the older man enjoyed a laugh.

"Falmouth is on the way over," said Holman, between bites on a chicken sandwich. "I told him your Father would be here and he said he was anxious to see him."

As if by signal, Professor Royce Falmouth stepped into the room at the moment. Like most of the others he was without a hat and wore evening clothes — the difference between his and most of the others' being evidenced in the extreme wear that his garments showed. His face was pale and although a tall man, his stoop made him look shorter than a measuring rule would testify. A set of reddish chin whiskers added to the gauntness of his appearance.

"Hello, my young friend," he said, as he grasped Roger's hand and shook it warmly. "I am so glad to see you. How is your little reception going?"

"Fine, thank you, Professor," answered Roger. Then turning to his father, he said, "Father, let me present you to Professor Falmouth."

The elder Morton's eyes showed their astonishment at the turn of the introduction. They seemed to say to Dan Holman, who was standing within eyeshot, "Present me to Professor Falmouth? Why not present Professor Falmouth to me?"

While the Professor held out his hand politely, the elder Morton saw fit to appear not to see it.

Instead of shaking hands, he bowed curtly and said, "I have been waiting for a chance to speak to you, Professor Falmouth."

A tinge of color had crept into the cheeks of the Professor. Young Morton, also, had flushed when he noted the coldness of his father's greeting.

Falmouth stood dejectedly — as if waiting for somebody to say something. Holman stepped a little closer into the circle. The elder Morton snapped his jaws tightly and then opened them to speak.

"So," he said, with deep feeling, looking fiercely at Falmouth, "you are the man who has been teaching all this socialistic rot to my son." He waited for an answer. Falmouth hesitated and looked toward young Morton, pleadingly. The young man took the cue.

"Father," he said, "don't you see how embarrassing it is to Professor Falmouth for you to put such an insulting question to him?"

"Let him answer me!" replied the elder, sternly.

"I warn you, Father," said Roger.

"Warn me against what?" asked his father.

"Not to continue a discussion with the Professor," answered Roger, laconically.

"What!" shouted the world's leading financial figure, angrily. "You don't know your father, my boy."

Don't worry over me." Then turning to Falmouth, he almost shrieked, "Well! are you going to stand there like a fool or are you going to answer my question?"

Although Falmouth's face was white with anger, he answered in a calm voice.

"I know you will pardon me for not answering you sooner, Mr. Morton. I am not used to the ways of millionaires, but you have just proved a theory of mine that their ideas of common courtesy are in ratio to their wealth. If you were worth a few more millions, you would be impossible. What was your question?"

"You know well enough what my question was," spluttered the financier. "I asked if you were the man who was filling my son's head with socialistic rot?"

"I am not a socialist, Sir," said Falmouth. "If you were familiar with Socialism you would know that I am a philosophic democrat. My works are quite convincing on that point. As to filling your son's head with anything, there again you seem to be at variance with the methods of pedagogics as practiced at this University. If your son's head is filled with anything, it is there as a voluntary mental activity of his own."

Holman and young Morton seemed to be enjoying the discussion. The elder Morton wouldn't be satisfied, however.

"All this bunk is beside the point," he stammered. "You have been teaching my son to look with disfavor on money. That is socialism, as I understand it."

"Again you are in error," said Falmouth, quietly. "I have never even suggested that money was something to be regarded with disfavor. On the contrary, I recognize that money is a wonderful medium when used for the purposes of exchange. What you probably meant to say was that I had expressed myself very freely on the subject of the wrongful use of money. That is a moral question — and therefore not political as we interpret politics today."

"Well! let me tell you this, Professor Falmouth," hissed the elder Morton. "You are not going to teach this stuff at Harvard any more. I have been watching for you for some time. I think you and your teachings are dangerous. You are going to be removed as a professor or I shall know why." The financier shook his fist in the face of the Professor. Young Morton made a move as if to grab his father. Falmouth held up his hand as though weary of the discussion.

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness about me, young friend," he said to Roger, and ignoring the father entirely. "There is always some millionaire or other who is going to stop teaching the truth at Harvard but they don't understand the University. The inscription on our shield is 'Veritas.' It means



truth. If a man on the faculty teaches the truth according to his best lights, no millionaire or group of millionaires on earth can have him removed. It has been tried. Good night, young friend."

He turned and walked slowly out of the room. Dan Holman reached out his hand to Roger and said "good night." He also walked from the room, without noticing the elder Morton. The young man eyed his father.

"I warned you, Father," he said, smiling sadly. "You don't seem to realize how cheap and vulgar a millionaire is at a Harvard Commencement nowadays, unless he forgets his millions during his visit."

The elder Morton turned abruptly and went to his room. The reception broke up shortly afterward.

Three events occurred the next day that had a bearing on the later development of our story. One was the conferring of the degree of A.F.D. upon John Paine Morton of New York. A paragraph from the Boston Transcript for that evening recounted this event as follows:— . . President Horton then said, "to one who has done honor to his university, a student in the exacting science of world finance — a man whose unflinching courage and broad Americanism have been combined in the development of a standard for the dollar that has compelled its acceptance as the future standard of the entire world — John Paine Morton — we give this slight recognition, and confer the newly created degree of Doctor of Administrative Finance."

As the noted financier stepped forward to receive this fitting honor from his University, the applause was spontaneous and cordial. . . . .

The second event was the delivery of the class oration in the Stadium, by Dan Holman. The Herald of the next morning had this to say about it:

"During the delivery of the oration, which took only twenty minutes, the vast audience was held spell-bound. It was a new experiment, speaking in the Stadium, and it is doubtful if it will be attempted again, it proved such a stupendous undertaking.

"With a sounding board at his back, Dan Holman, the class orator, was able to make himself heard by over fifty thousand people. No such voice has ever been heard at Harvard. It possesses a vibrant, penetrating quality that resembles singing and yet has no monotony. When Holman finished his address, the entire audience arose and cheered and the student-body rushed to the improvised platform, lifted it from the ground and paraded around the Stadium, with Holman standing upon it and bowing to the throng. His speech, in full, will be found in another column."

The third event of interest took place at the home of Professor Falmouth. Late in the afternoon, Roger Morton, in his Senior graduating togs, walked up the front pathway and rang the bell. It was answered by Mrs. Falmouth, who showed him into the sitting

room where Professor Falmouth was waiting. The Professor arose and shook hands.

"I am sorry for what happened last night, young friend," he said.

"Don't think of it again, Professor Falmouth," replied Roger. "It was just what the Governor deserved. He asked for it and he got it — good and proper." He turned around expectantly. "Where is Marta?" he asked. "I have a picture for her."

Mrs. Falmouth went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Marta, dear," in a soft voice. "She will be right down," she said to young Morton.

A moment later, a tall girl of fifteen, with lustrous eyes, a sweet smile and her hair done into two long braids such as the opera stars who play Marguerite invariably effect, came shyly into the room.

Young Morton arose and greeted her warmly. "Marta, my dear," he said, "I have brought you one of my graduation photographs. I hope you won't think me vain, but I wanted you to remember me and couldn't think of anything better than my photograph."

He handed her the photograph. The girl took it and looked at it, shyly.

"I thank you. I shall never forget you, Mr. Morton." She hesitated a moment and then hurriedly went back up stairs, clutching her precious photograph to her bosom.

"She thinks a great deal of you, my young friend,"

was the only comment Professor Falmouth had to make just before Morton shook his hand and said "good bye," while up stairs in her room a young girl was sobbing, as if her heart would break, over the photograph of a young man with a mortar board tipped rakishly on the side of his head — which photograph had inscribed on its back, "To my dear friend, Marta Falmouth, from one who will never forget her."

This ends the prologue, but before going into the main story, which takes place fifteen years later, it might be well for you to think of John Paine Morton, the great financier of New York, and his son, living and working in the environment of billions, of Dan Holman, the silver voiced young orator, living and working in the great American empire of the Middle West, and Marta Falmouth, living and working with her father, the philosophic and democratic Professor, at their home in the shadow of old Harvard. Then you can turn to the story of Revolt.



# REVOLT

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## CHAPTER I

### ROGER MORTON GOES TO CAMBRIDGE

As Roger Adams Morton, third vice-president of the Universal Trust Company, was in the midst of his dictation one morning early in April in the year 1940, his private secretary handed him the following telegram:

Cambridge, Mass.,

4 — 12 — 40

Roger Adams Morton,  
Universal Trust Co.,  
New York City.

Father very low. Anxious to see you. Have wired for Mr. Holman.

Marta Falmouth.

He read the telegram through twice and said to his stenographer, "The rest of the mail can wait, Miss Murray. I shall be in Boston for the next two days. Please have Mr. Stickney step in."

The stenographer closed her book, picked up a bundle of letters, and stepped from the room. A moment later, the Private Secretary entered and waited for instructions.

"My old professor of economics at Harvard is very low and he has requested me to see him," said Morton. "Please phone the Grand Central to hold a chair on the Knickerbocker."

The Secretary left and the third vice-president of the world's greatest financial institution stepped to his clothes closet, put on his light overcoat, took his hat and cane and stepped into an inside automatic elevator, pressed button No. 3 and ten seconds later walked into the outer office of his father, the President of the Universal Trust Company.

Without the customary knock at the outer door, he walked into the spacious private office of the President and interrupted that giant of finance in one of his famous railroad deals.

Paying no attention to the interruption, the elder Morton continued his dictation of a contract:—"agrees to furnish the sum of four hundred and twenty millions of dollars and accept in return for said sum the entire outstanding gold bonds and the preferred shares of the Chicago and Pacific, the Chicago and Southern and the Kansas and Eastern railways.\* \* \* "

"Just a moment, Father," broke in the younger Morton. "I have just received a telegram from Professor Falmouth's daughter saying that he is very low

and wishes to see me, so I'm leaving on the Knickerbocker for Boston. I shall be back in a couple of days."

"Falmouth?" repeated his father. "Isn't that the socialist writer that I balled out at your spread the year you graduated?"

His son smiled. "If I remember the incident, Governor, he was the one put it over on you and he isn't a socialist writer. He is a philosophic democrat and I regret to say I haven't kept in personal touch with him. Anyhow, I'll be back in a couple of days. Wire me at the Huntington if you need me urgently. Good day."

The President of the Universal Trust nodded and turned to his favorite pastime.

From the Huntington Hotel in Boston, at 7 o'clock that evening, Roger Adams Morton called up Professor Falmouth's home in Cambridge. A rich contralto voice answered the phone. The mere telephonic "hello" had a musical sound as it came to the ear of the caller.

"May I speak to Miss Falmouth, please?" said Morton.

"This is Marta Falmouth," answered from the other end.

"Good evening, Miss Falmouth. This is Mr. Morton. I received your wire and am in Boston. How is your father?"

"There is no hope whatever. The doctor promises



only a few days at the outside. Father is patiently waiting until the end."

"Shall I come over this evening or defer it until the morning?" asked Morton.

"If you could run out this evening, I would be greatly pleased," answered the young woman, "but I want you and Mr. Holman to see father together just as soon as Mr. Holman gets here, maybe tomorrow."

"I shall be glad to arrange for that and I will drive over, right away," said Morton.

As he alighted from the taxi and walked up the gravelled path to Professor Falmouth's home, his mind recalled the visit, fifteen years previously, when he had called to say good bye to the Professor and leave a photograph of himself as a present for the young daughter of the family. He pictured the shy, lustrous eyes, hair-in-braids young girl who had thanked him in confusion and then rushed up stairs to her room.

With this vivid picture in his mind, the surprise that came to him as the door opened in response to his ring was only natural. A tall young woman who might well be the original of any of the statues that typify grace and womanhood opened the door. A hand was extended and as he reached for it, clumsily, and felt the firm pressure he found fault with himself for not having removed his glove. In response to the "So glad to see you," he stammered an incoherent "Good evening."

By this time he was already inside the house and had divested himself of hat and coat and Marta Falmouth was preceding him into the sitting room.

"Father insists upon sitting up, Mr. Morton," she said, "even though he is very weak."

She crossed the room and placed her hands upon the top of a high-backed easy chair.

"Father, dear, here is a young friend of ours."

Morton crossed to the front of the chair so that the sick man might have a good look at him. The lights were low and it was necessary for the sick man to look very intently to make sure of the features of his visitor. Suddenly the eyes lighted and a warm smile spread over the face that could leave no doubt of the thought that occasioned it.

"Roger! my young friend," said the Professor. "This is indeed a surprise."

Already the arms of the young millionaire were around his old teacher and without the slightest reservation, the vice-president of the Universal Trust Co. had dropped to his knees where he could look into the face of the sick man.

"Professor Falmouth," he said, "I am sorry to see you so ill. I am to blame for not knowing about it."

"It is a long time since we saw you, young friend," said the Professor, patting the hand of his former pupil.

"Twelve years," said Roger. "I came over for the third year class celebration and met you, that time."

Since then, I regret to say that football games, the boat races and the Harvard Club in New York have covered my University activities and these didn't keep me in touch with the vital part of the college."

"Well! you are here now," said the Professor, "and there is a matter that I would like to put before you. It is one that I have analyzed and re-analyzed until I can only see one conclusion. Marta has gone over it with me and she agrees with my views."

"I promise you any help within my power," said the young New Yorker.

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Professor Falmouth. Then, looking up at Marta, he said, "Sit down, my dear, and I will outline my plan to our young friend."

Marta drew up a chair and sat down. Her father coughed to clear his throat and continued:

"America is facing the greatest crisis in her entire history. The election of President this year, regardless of whether the Democratic or Republican party is successful, means that we are going backwards. Among republics there is no such thing as standing still. We either go ahead or run behind."

"Therefore, I say, that without some change in the government we will go backwards. I would not dare to predict the chaos that would follow the first backward step of the United States." He paused for breath.

"If the republicans elected their candidate, wouldn't they make some changes?" asked Morton.

"Not such a change as would spell advance. Electing presidents isn't everything. The republicans elected a president in 1924 and they elected another president in 1928. You know how public opinion was worked up against them. But they were successful again in 1932 and it wasn't until four years ago that the Democratic party — with Bancroft — was able to carry the country. They think he can win again this year, and maybe he can, but neither party presents an issue and the reason is clear to me."

"What is the reason?" asked Morton, evidently deeply interested.

"The reason is that the money power of the United States controls both parties. They have gotten such a hold on the present day leaders in both parties that all thought of government ownership of railways, telephones, telegraph lines and the public exploitation of natural resources has been lost sight of except among the socialists. Today America is being exploited by the wealthy few at the expense of the hard-working many."

"But, Professor, we tried Government ownership, during the World War, and it was a failure," said Morton.

Before the Professor could reply, Marta Falmouth spoke.

"That is the popular belief, but it is an unfair one, Mr. Morton. It is true that we exercised control of the railways and the telephone and telegraph lines during the war. It was at a time when labor conditions were bad, when the costs of all materials were excessive, when the work was increasing and the men to do it were on the decrease. It was the worst time in the history of the country to experiment with government ownership.

"Naturally there were many complaints and a great many things went wrong. But we lose sight of the failures of governments, themselves. Great nations were being shaken to their foundation. Thrones were toppled over. Millions of men were being slain. Governments were running up debts that are not yet half paid and it was nearly a quarter century ago that the debts were contracted. And yet the money-kings convinced the people that Government ownership was a failure, while the governments were proving that the most miserable failures ever known were governments themselves."

"I see your point," smiled Morton. "But I don't see how I can help."

"Ah!" said Professor Falmouth, "that is where you are wrong. If you will carry out my plan, I predict the greatest success, and you may save America and the world from a revolution that if it is not checked will make the great war look as though it were but the thunder-clap of a storm, that will shake the earth

from end to end and leave not one government standing."

Morton shuddered. The Professor had spoken with such earnestness that a fit of coughing seized him. His daughter put her hands on his shoulders to help him recover himself.

"He takes it so seriously," she said in a whispered aside, to Morton. "He has been hearing from many sources, of late, and it has had a depressing effect upon him." The Professor's coughing spell having passed away, he resumed his talk.

"Do you wish to have America overrun by an internal revolution?"

"Certainly not," replied Morton.

"If I told you that within six months a revolution may start that all the police forces and what little of a standing army we now have cannot cope with in any degree, would you believe me?" asked Professor Falmouth.

"I would say that you were convinced of it if you made such a statement," answered Morton.

"Well! I do make it and without reservation," continued Falmouth. "Personally, I am convinced that the contemplated revolution is justified. I am equally convinced that it would not produce the results that its sponsors hope for. The reason it will fail is because it will not be sufficiently well organized."

"You always believed in organization," suggested Morton.

"It is indispensable," went on the Professor. "If I felt that those at the head of the contemplated revolution were good organizers, I would not have sent for you, but they are not. That makes them dangerous. Organization has saved many a rotten government. Disorganized revolutions have broken up many governments and failed to substitute something better in their place. Here is where you can help your country and the world as no other man has helped it since Lincoln."

Morton looked at Marta Falmouth but she was intently watching her father. He gave his attention once again to Professor Falmouth. With a deep intake of breath, the latter continued.

"I want you to organize and finance a revolution among the American people that will forever throw off the shackles of the money power."

He paused. Morton made no response.

"Fortunately for the success of the undertaking the time is ripe. It was never more opportune. The people are ready. They are sick at heart trying to get reforms at the hands of the leaders of either party. They will rally to the support of a new party that looks sufficiently formidable to accomplish results."

"You mean like the Progressive party movement, back in 1912?" asked Morton.

"Exactly," said the Professor, "I mean a new party,

but I want it honest. I don't want a party made up of mere disgruntled members of other parties, men and women who are insincere and only looking for personal glory. Had the Progressive party been founded in truth it would have swept the country. But there were certain phases of that movement that were dishonest and therefore it couldn't offset the two older institutions equally dishonest in many ways but more firmly imbedded.

"The organization I am suggesting to you, my young friend, will have every advantage that the Roosevelt party had and none of its drawbacks. The demand for it is greater. The reasons for it are more widespread. The men at the head of it will be guided by purest of motives. It cannot fail." He paused for breath.

"Go on, Professor Falmouth," said the young millionaire. "What is to be my part?"

"That is the spirit, young friend. First you must believe that the danger to our country exists. Second, you must believe that neither of the two big parties can combat the danger that their continuance along present lines constitutes as a genuine menace to the republic. Third, you must pledge yourself and all your resources to the success of the movement."

"I agree to all those propositions because I have confidence in you, Professor Falmouth," said Morton, without hesitation.

"That isn't enough," said Falmouth. "You must



believe in them because you, yourself, realize their soundness. Tell me! How big a secret service bureau does the Universal Trust Company maintain?"

"I should say about a thousand men, except on some occasion like a big strike or a lockout," answered Morton.

"How much money do you directly control in your fifty branches throughout the world?" asked Falmouth.

"Maybe sixty billions or so. It varies. Our transactions are so big that two to five billions, either way, may be the exact figure on different balance days."

"Indirectly, you control every bank in America and Canada, and most of those in Europe and South America. Isn't it so?"

The young man nodded.

"Your father has named the candidates for President in both parties for the past three elections and will name both candidates this time. Isn't that so?" asked Falmouth.

"At least they go through the form of a convention and make regular nominations," suggested young Morton.

"Very well put," said Falmouth, sarcastically. "Well! the people are beginning to feel that they do not want always to vote for manikins. They don't like to picture the nation of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln as a continuous Punch and Judy show, with some billionaire pulling the strings,

even though that billionaire happens to be your own father."

"I don't blame them," said Morton. "I have not always agreed with father, but to tell you the truth I have never discussed this phase of the situation with him. I imagine he thinks he is doing the proper thing."

"No doubt of it," replied Falmouth. "That is what makes him so dangerous. He isn't open to reason. He is even a worse menace than was the Kaiser. The Kaiser was the accepted ruler of his country. Your father is a self-chosen dictator in a republic that declares all men to be equal. It is true that the only crime your father has so far committed is the crime of not understanding the people, but his position is such that he endangers the very government that he governs with the arrogant use of money. He thinks that he and the Universal Trust Company are the bulwarks of the nation. As a matter of fact, they are the greatest dangers that confront an orderly continuance of the republic."

Young Morton was breathing heavily. His hand clasped one of Professor Falmouth's in a nervous grip.

"Tell me, Professor," he said, excitedly, "tell me what you want me to do. If this is all true then there is only one thing for me to do and that is to try to change conditions. Are you sure that I can help the situation?"

"You are the one man in America who can do the work. Your father could do it, but he isn't available for the reasons I have given.

"There are none so blind, you know, and your father will not see because he cannot. Environment has made it impossible.

"Holman is coming from Kansas. He will be here tomorrow. He will be your candidate for President. He is an idealist — one of our most wonderful orators. He has spoken all over the West as a Democrat but I know that he is weary of the delays of his party. I am confident that he will be our leader. Your work will be that of financier and organizer. It is the more important task. Poor organization cost the republican party the election in 1916 and it was a lesson they never forgot."


"It means giving up my position with the Universal," suggested Morton.

"At once, or at least, just as soon as you have gotten your finances into shape. By the way, how much ready money could you command for organization purposes?" asked Falmouth.

The young millionaire thought for a few seconds before answering.

"I haven't taken an inventory for six months," he replied. "Maybe fifty millions in cash and as much more in bonds. Would that be enough?" he asked, anxiously.

Professor Falmouth looked at the young millionaire and then at Marta. A tear came into his eye.



"Would you put it all into our great project?" he asked.

"Why, certainly, Professor. I was wondering if it would be enough to carry us through."

"Marta, my dear," said Falmouth, "I want you to look at one of the world's curiosities, an absolutely unspoiled millionaire. What did I tell you about him? Your father was right. And I am just as sure of Holman." Then turning again to Morton, he said:

"Enough? Why, a hundred millions and the people behind it is equal to a hundred billions in the hands of your father. Money can be used to just such an extent in campaigns, after which it injures the very cause that it tries to help. We are financed. That was my first problem. Our candidate is Holman because he will earn his nomination and deserve it. We must not make the same mistakes that the other parties are making. If any other candidate shows up that our party wants, he will be our leader and Holman will help to elect him."

"You have not mentioned the name of the new party," said Morton.

"I was purposely holding it back. It is so radical that if one heard it without a general idea of the principles for which it stood it might give the wrong impression."

"Tell me the name!" said the young financier, enthusiastically.

"It is to be the Revolutionist party. No other word ever meant so much in the onward progress of the world. Let us apply it to our party!"

"Great!" shouted Morton, standing up to his full height. "Onward in the name of revolt!"

Marta Falmouth also stood up.

"You must retire now, Father. You are quite tired," she said, tenderly.

"But it was such a wonderful evening," said the sick man. "All my dreams coming true. I am reconciled to everything. Good night, young friend."

"Good night, Professor Falmouth," said Morton, shaking hands. "I shall keep in touch with the house and see you when Holman gets here." He walked to the door, accompanied by Marta. Although he had spent nearly an hour in the house, he had scarcely spoken to her. As they approached the door, where she handed him his overcoat, hat and stick, he noted the extreme grace and assurance of her carriage.

"I shall need a great deal of help in carrying out such a stupendous undertaking," he said.

"I shall help you in organizing the women's vote. They have only had two nation-wide elections since the acceptance of the amendment," she replied. "It is their great opportunity to prove that they should have had the franchise when the nation was founded."

"Do you feel that we can depend upon the women?" asked Morton.

"Women have never failed when called upon in the

proper way and with the right appeal. I think, this year, that the women will prove the balance of power on the right side."

"I shall need your help, Miss Falmouth."

"You shall have it, Mr. Morton."

"Until tomorrow," said Morton, in parting.

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for taking such a wonderful stand," said Marta. She closed the door, and before going into the room where her father was waiting, she went up stairs, quietly, and turned on the light at her dresser. It lighted up an old fashioned frame which held the picture of a young collegian in mortar board hat.

She picked up the frame and looked intently into the face of the young man. Then she bowed her head on the dresser and cried unrestrainedly.

## CHAPTER II

### THE REVOLUTIONIST COMPACT

Dan Holman arrived in Boston at eight-thirty and after phoning the Falmouth home and learning that his former class-mate was registered at the Huntington, lost no time in getting Morton on the phone and making an appointment with him to hold back breakfast until Holman could join him.

"I shall be in the main dining room, Dan," Morton assured him. "Look me up!"

So it was that these two men — inseparable while at College — met each other face to face for the first time in fifteen years in the dining room of the Huntington.

"Dan, you surely look younger than you did on class day," exclaimed Morton, and his hearty handshake and enthusiasm made the statement ring true.

"I'm married. All my troubles are over, Roger," said Holman, grinning from ear to ear in the genuine pleasure that Morton's greeting made him feel. "You don't look as if there was a wrinkle on your mind either."

"I'm single yet," said Morton. "I've never had any troubles." They sat down, laughing, while several nearby diners cast inquisitive glances in their

direction. Wherever Dan Holman was, his radiant personality compelled attention.

"You visited with the Falmouths, last evening, so Miss Falmouth told me on the phone," said Holman, after ordering breakfast.

"Yes! I ran over and received the surprise of my life, Dan," answered Morton. "I had a mental picture of Marta Falmouth as we used to know her, fifteen years ago. She has developed into a wonderful woman."

"College standards?" asked Holman.

"No! a type of her own. Personal magnetism, poise, all those things that make a woman different and yet attractive," answered Morton. "She understands everything we discussed and it surely was deep enough. I was over my depth half the time."

"I thought Falmouth was too sick to talk much," suggested Dan.

"He is very low — the daughter doesn't expect him to live more than a few days — and yet he put a proposition to me in such a way that I accepted full responsibility on it," said Morton.

Holman looked at his friend inquiringly.

"Excuse me, Dan," he said, "but I'm all upset. I knew you were unacquainted with Falmouth's plans and yet I am running along just as if you knew all about them.

"Here is the idea. Falmouth thinks that there is a great undercurrent of revolution in the country —



social, political and economic — mostly political. He says that if it isn't checked that it will sweep away the government, but it is so badly organized that it will not put a substitute government in its place. Chaos will result." Morton paused and looked across at Holman, evidently seeking a comment on the statement.

"The old boy is right," said Holman.

"Have you been in communication with him?" asked Morton in surprise.

"Not a word except a telegram. He simply has confirmed my own views," answered Holman. "What else did he say?"

"He said that the Democratic and Republican parties were controlled by the money powers — meaning my father — and that they were hindrances rather than helps to progress," continued Morton.

"Absolutely true!" nodded Holman. "They have outlived their usefulness or rather I should say they have proven their uselessness. There isn't a kick left in either party — all the kicks they create come to them from the outside. What else?"

"That's about all," said Morton.

"Oh! no, it isn't," exclaimed Holman, excitedly. "Falmouth never outlined a bad condition without offering a practical remedy to correct it. What was his solution?"

Morton leaned over the table, as though to utter some profound secret.

"Dan," he whispered, "would you like to be President of the United States?"

He leaned back and eyed Holman. The latter looked back at him — started to speak, hesitated — then said:

"Roger, I don't want you to be offended at what I say, but if your offer of the Presidency comes from your father, I must decline to accept it. I know that he can nominate and probably elect any man who will allow himself to be so nominated and elected. I decline the offer if it is on that basis."

Morton's face was a study in expressions while Holman was speaking. As he finished, the young New York millionaire did a very unusual thing for a breakfast guest at the Huntington. He arose from his seat and went around the table where he could get Holman's hand and stood shaking it to the evident embarrassment of Holman and the amusement of several guests at adjoining tables.

"Dan!" he almost shouted. "You are just what Falmouth said you were — the most dependable man in America. Well! set your mind at rest! The governor isn't offering you the Presidency. You are not his type. But you are the candidate of the Revolutionist party and we are going to lick the Republican and Democratic candidates so bad that they will stop

fighting each other in public and will console each other in private for years to come."

He resumed his seat and during the rest of the breakfast outlined the plans for a new party as gone over with Professor Falmouth the night before.

After breakfast they retired to Morton's suite and continued to talk regarding the formation of the new party. Only one point hadn't been mentioned and that was regarding the finances. Finally Holman introduced that phase of the plans.

"By the way, Roger," he said, "you realize that all this is going to cost money — a great deal of money — and while I am willing to contribute my share, I doubt if I could raise over ten thousand on the place. I will go my limit, but we should start without any misunderstandings."

Morton was standing at one of the windows, looking out on the passing automobiles. A gulp came into his throat. He turned slowly and said, with evident effort:

"I've been asleep for fifteen years, Dan. I awake to find a man like Falmouth, with death staring him in the face, giving the last few hours of his life to a cause and now you tell me you will mortgage your home to carry out an idea. No! I am going to do something on my own account. I shall do the financing. It seems such a little part of the movement that I am almost ashamed of my contribution."

"Well," said Holman, laconically, "don't give yourself any uneasiness. You will not be ashamed of what you've done when you see the bills you'll have to pay."

The meeting between Professor Falmouth and Holman was a repetition of the meeting of the night before between the Professor and Morton, except that the surprise was lacking. Holman lost no time in letting his former instructor know that he and Morton had come to a thorough understanding.

"I knew you would, Dan," said the sick man, brokenly, "I told him you were dependable. It is a great opportunity. It is the only sane solution of a bad situation. Play fair! Be honest! Don't compromise! Always keep in mind the thought that the people are intelligent enough to be trusted."

Holman arose to go. Morton and Marta Falmouth were in the adjoining room, conversing.

"Tell Marta and Roger to come here," said Falmouth. Holman stepped to the door and called them.

When the three were standing before him, the sick man said:

"I may not see you two boys again. I will soon be called into the land where politics and strife are not part of the relationships. I leave the world with only one regret, that I may not see our new party triumphant. Marta and I are reconciled to my going. It is only the closing of the door of life. Let our good bye be pleasant. Start your new work at once.

Marta will join you and begin her organization of the Women's Branch very soon.

"Do not falter! Do not be discouraged! Organize! Keep uppermost the object you wish to attain — the salvation of America and the stability of republican forms of government throughout the world. Good bye!"

Holman and Morton each clasped the hand of the Professor in a firm grip and he closed his eyes, wearily.

Holman said "good bye" to Marta at the door and Morton followed him. The young woman answered the pressure of his hand and said feelingly, "You have been very kind. Father talked about you all the morning. I shall write you the day before I come to New York."

"I will send you my new address just as soon as I am settled," said Morton.

A look of consternation passed over Marta's face.

"Why! I didn't think of that. Your relations with your father must be broken," she said.

"At once," answered Morton, quietly.

"And you are not disturbed?" she asked.

"Not so much as the Governor will be when we get going," he replied.

"Good bye," she said. "I will write you, very soon."

Morton joined Holman in the machine and they returned to the Huntington.

"How soon can you join me in New York for organization purposes, Dan," asked Roger.

"Within ten days," answered Holman.

"I shall be ready in that time. Meanwhile I shall prepare a brief statement for the benefit of my dear father so that he will know that I mean business in my new venture."

"How do you think he will feel about it, Roger?" asked Holman.

"Don't know and don't care. We have got to go through. The country is in danger and we love our country. Fathers or no fathers, Public duty comes before filial affection," replied Holman.

"By the way, Roger," asked Holman, "was Marta Falmouth in the room last evening when the Professor put his proposition to you?"

"She was!" answered Morton. "Why?"

"I was wondering, that's all," said Holman.

"Wondering what?" asked Morton, anxiously.

"Wondering if she understood the entire movement in all its ramifications," replied Holman, evasively.

"Certainly!" replied Morton, in a tone of relief. "She is familiar with every phase of it. In fact, she is to have entire charge of the women's end of the movement. I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be the most important end."

"I would say that any end she undertook would be important before she got through with it," ventured Holman.

"Wonderful, isn't she?" suggested Morton.

"Wonderful is the only word, Roger," said Holman, smiling.

"I'm glad you agree with me," said the millionaire revolutionist.

## CHAPTER III

### THE HOUSE OF MORTON DIVIDES

The scene between the President of the Universal Trust Company and his son, one of the vice-presidents, on the occasion when the latter explained that he intended to devote his time, attention and money to the formation of a new party and the election of a president of the United States of America, might be cartooned and labelled a "storm at sea."

It was elemental from start to finish. It took place three days after Roger had returned from his visit to Professor Falmouth. After three days of business activity, during which he had made every possible arrangement for converting his personal holdings into cash or United States bonds, Roger had dictated his resignation as vice-president and handed it to one of the bank's messengers to lay before the President.

The elder Morton opened the letter, read it at a glance, stared at it in consternation for a moment and as was his custom expressed himself out loud. He said, "Well! I'll be damned."

As the messenger had not yet reached the door, he shouted at him to "tell Vice-President Morton I would like to see him here, at once." The messenger in-



dictated that he understood the order and continued on his way.

The male stenographer of the President looked up at his chief and said, "Anything else, Mr. Morton?" to which the President replied, "Yes! get to hell out of here!"

With the room clear and with a cigar half bitten through in his mouth, the world's money king began to pace up and down the Chinese rug that occupied the central space in the office. He was emitting low growls as befitted a king of the forest but were entirely out of keeping with the dignity of a money king.

At about the fifth tee in the President's walk Roger Morton walked quietly into the room. At least his entrance was marked by no outward sign of enthusiasm.

"What in hell is the meaning of this resignation stuff?" shouted Morton, Senior.

"Something more important to do, Father," answered the younger Morton.

"Nothing more important on earth than helping run this Trust Company," retorted his father.

"I disagree with you, Father," replied Roger, "and I wish to take up the new work at once."

"Well! tell it to me! Out with it! What is the big job you're going to handle? Tell papa!" said Morton, sarcastically.

Ignoring the taunt and in an even tone, the young man replied:

"I have agreed to help organize a new party and try to elect a President, this Fall, who will be responsible to the wishes of the people."

The elder Morton threw up both hands. He gave vent to a wild laugh and then, as if he couldn't control himself, went to his chair and sat down. Recognizing the attitude as part bluff and all sarcasm, the younger man said nothing. He waited, all the time the lines of his face becoming more firmly drawn.

Having exhausted the situation from a laughing standpoint, the elder Morton took it up again verbally. As though he hadn't heard aright, he said:

"You are going to do what?"

"You heard exactly what I said," replied the son, curtly. "If you will stop acting like a damn fool, I will talk to you." It was the first time in his life that he had ever spoken so sharply to his father.

The face of the elder Morton reddened and an angry light came into his eye. His voice was harsh and charged with feeling when he replied:

"Did you mean that, Roger?"

"I did," answered Roger, calmly.

"You realize what it means for a son to call his father a damn fool?" asked Morton, Senior.

"A great deal less than it means for a father to treat his son like one!" retorted Roger.

"Have I treated you like one?" asked the elder.

"Positively, and for thirty years," answered the young man.

"Why not since you were born?" asked the elder.

"I was independent up to eight years of age," replied Roger.

"This is interesting," said the elder. "I'm learning something every minute. Tell me, how did you lose your independence at eight?"

"You gave me a million dollars on my eighth birthday and since then I have never been able to think except as a millionaire."

"Really, my boy, I can't follow your process of reasoning, at all," replied his father, picking up a paper knife and playing with it nervously. "Tell me, how does a millionaire do his thinking?"

"Through his money. Money thinks as well as talks," snapped Roger.

"Well! if you are not getting epigrammatic," sneered the elder. "Having had a hundred million or so forced on to you by indulgent parents, how are you going to think except as a millionaire, even if you wished to think independently?" asked his father.

"I shall put all my money to a noble purpose," said Roger.

"Politics is a noble pursuit then, according to your view!" returned the elder Morton.

"Anything is a noble pursuit if the end sought is to uplift humanity," replied Roger.

The elder Morton looked at the ceiling of the office as though for inspiration. When he spoke, it was as

though he were trying to control himself and finding the task exceedingly difficult.

"Will you answer me two or three questions without losing your temper?" he asked.

"If they are questions that warrent temperate answers — yes," answered Roger.

"Who started you thinking like this?"

"Professor Falmouth," replied Roger.

"How far have you committed yourself to go?" interrogated the elder Morton.

"I gave my word to a dying man to go the limit of my resources," said Roger, firmly.

"Who is your candidate for President, if I may ask?"

"Certainly, you may. My own personal choice is Dan Holman of Kansas."

"And what is to be the name of the new party?" queried the elder.

"The Revolutionist party," answered Roger, snapping out the words as though the party were already a fact.

At the name, the world's money king shivered as though a pail of cold water had been thrown over him.

"You realize that I expect to elect the President this Fall?" he asked.

"You will be disappointed," laconically replied Roger.

"It was to be my last political appearance," said his father. "I had hoped you would join with me in the interest of conservatism. But you have chosen

to challenge the honesty and the ability of your father. I accept the challenge. I realize that there has been considerable unrest — a great deal of socialistic talk and all that sort of thing, but we have had that sort of situation to face on many an occasion and conservatism always won in the end.

"From now I shall look upon you as my most bitter enemy. I had planned things very differently. I was afraid of something like this, but I was hopeful that as you grew older you would see the fallacy of the teachings of men like Falmouth and the yappings of men like Holman. I am a fighter, sir, and I propose to let you know just how hard a fighter before I am through with you."

He drew himself up proudly, and with a graceful bow, said:

"The interview is ended, sir." Roger looked at him for a second, then smiled broadly.

"I want to thank you for one thing, Governor," he said. "At least you have taken me seriously for once in your life, and you can put this thought in your mind, that from now on — win or lose — you will treat me as an equal. Good day, sir."

He turned and walked quietly from the room. As the door closed behind him, the elder Morton reached for the mutilated cigar in his mouth, threw it away across the room, punched a bell on his desk and when his male stenographer answered the summons, began to dictate letters in the rapid-fire

manner that characterized his most impulsive moments.

All that the Secretary was thinking, as he mechanically flashed his pencil across his note-book was this:

"Somebody has surely got the old man's goat, this time."

## CHAPTER IV

### MARTA FALMOUTH REACHES NEW YORK

It was four days after the break with his father that Roger met Marta Falmouth at the Grand Central Station, in response to her telegram saying she would arrive at six in the evening. Their greeting was very formal. While holding Roger's hand in a firm grip she looked him squarely in the eyes and said, "He was quite composed at the end. His very last words were, 'there is not a moment to lose, Goodbye!' A few friends attended the services yesterday afternoon at Mount Auburn."

Silently Roger directed the way to the auto entrance where his car was stationed. The porter deposited Marta's handbag beside the chauffeur and received his tip from him, as Marta sank back into the deep cushions of the limousine.

"You are tired, Miss Falmouth?" suggested Morton, giving his entire attention to the young woman.

"Only momentarily, Mr. Morton. I shall be ready for work tomorrow."

"I have reserved apartments for you at the Parkway," said Roger.

A look of consternation crept over the face of the young woman.

"I'm afraid that the Parkway is too magnificent — too formidable, you might say — for our purposes. Don't you think so?"

Roger smiled. "I'll admit that the Parkway is the best New York affords in hotels, but I have gone over the entire situation thoroughly.

"One of the great mistakes in all reform movements has been the assumption that the people were either ignorant or poor, or both, and that every appeal for political change or advancement had to be made from the doorstep of a tenement house or the front gate of a factory.

"My contention is that the battle for the people's rights is a battle of intelligence and intelligence means organization. We have the funds we need. We must meet the enemy on common ground. To attract the attention of the country and make people think, we must let the country at large feel that we are conducting a different movement than has ever been conducted.

"You will be expected to appeal to the women voters. You must entertain the big women of the country. The Parkway is better equipped to furnish entertainment than any other hotel in New York. You understand that the leaders of the Democratic party and the Republican party will be making every kind of National appeal for the support of the women. We must utilize every advantage that money can honestly command."



The young woman nodded her head as though satisfied.

"I presume that the so-called social advantages of the Parkway must not be thrust aside, lightly. Had you consulted Mr. Holman on this phase of our plans?" asked Marta.

"Not at all. No need of it," answered Morton. "Holman is an idealist, it is true, but that doesn't mean that he is not practical in everything. There are two kinds of idealists, those who are merely dreamers and never wake up and those who wish to get results. Among the latter were Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt—men who went through to the finish. They never lowered their ideals and yet they were practical in everything.

"Dan Holman is an idealist but he is thoroughly practical. He knows that we can't limit our appeal to the so-called laboring class. There aren't enough of them. There are the professional men, the farmers, the small business men, the clerks, and all the thinking, liberal-minded men among the well-to-do and even the wealthy classes. Dan is adaptable. He can address a meeting at the Parkway and one on the East Side on the same evening."

"I see!" smiled Marta. "You will pardon my suggestion, I know. You understand that all I seek is a realization of father's hopes. I know you won't be offended when I say that I am surprised and pleased to find you so confident and so sure of what you are

doing. Your environment has been away from the practical. We are prone to associate every man's capabilities with his environment."

"Only natural," replied Roger. "I do it myself. I try, always, to be sure of my ground before reaching a conclusion. I have learned that every working man isn't a brilliant philosopher just because he is a working man and that every millionaire isn't a heartless, unthinking machine intent on making money. There are degrees. Some workmen would bore me to death and some of my wealthiest club friends are the most human, most loveable men that God ever made.

"Our fight is not to convince the country that the money-power of a group of millionaires is a menace. Everybody knows that, who has given it the least thought. Our fight is to rid the country of this menace, to defeat money-controlled officials and substitute officials who are in direct touch with the people. It means getting voters from every walk of life in sufficient numbers to elect our candidates.

"Everybody thought that because my father was President of the Universal Trust Co. that my position was a sinecure. It would have been if I had allowed myself to grow stale on the job. But I became obsessed with organization as a science, at least ten years ago, and the Universal is organized along my plans."

He leaned forward. He had talked very earnestly. Suddenly he stopped in confusion.

"I don't know why I rattled on like this about myself, Miss Falmouth," he said, "unless it is because I want you to have confidence in me — not in my honesty of purpose merely, but in my ability to organize this movement. You see, if you are sure of my ability to organize you can explain it and impart your confidence in me to the women whom you meet. The corner stone of good organization is absolute confidence among those who make up the organization."

The car had now come to a stop in the auto elevator at the Parkway. The big lift started upward. At the second floor the elevator door opened and an attendant took the hand-bag tendered him by the chauffeur. Roger and Marta alighted. "Nine o'clock, here," said Roger to his driver. They entered the Hotel.

"I have engaged a matron and two maids for your apartments, Miss Falmouth," he said, as they made their way toward the office. "You will add to them as the campaign goes on. I will register for you."

As Marta Falmouth stood in the magnificent lobby of the Parkway and watched Roger Morton cross to the desk she couldn't help but note the deferential glances that numerous guests of the hotel cast in his direction. It was evident that the handsome young son of the world's money-king was not without admirers.

When Roger returned to her, he was accompanied by a sleek-looking man whom he presented as "Mr. Martin, the hotel manager."

"Miss Falmouth, the Parkway will do everything in its power to make your stay an agreeable one. I want you to refer everything of importance to me personally," said the manager.

As the manager left, Marta Falmouth began to realize the great advantage of having a man of Morton's standing in charge of all arrangements. Although unused to hotel life, she surmised that the manager of the Parkway didn't come into personal contact with every guest of the hotel. It was not until they were ushered into the parlor of the suite that Roger had selected for her that it struck her forcibly that she was entering a new world entirely. Would her idealism stand up under all this magnificence, she wondered.

Roger presented the matron, who immediately took Marta's wraps and suggested that she remove her hat. She left them alone and Roger drew up a chair close to the sofa on which Marta had seated herself.

"Your father is right. There isn't a moment to lose. But that doesn't mean that we are not to take the best care of ourselves. It is going to be a hard summer's work for everybody.

"Here are the rules. No worry. No hurry over food. No neglect of dentistry or doctors when we need them. Health is very important. Rest and plenty of it. Enthusiasm, work, and application, but each in its place. I know you would like to plan, tonight, but I will be ready in the morning and we

will look over the women's offices at ten-thirty. I have merely selected them — the equipment and choice of staff is entirely in your hands.

"For tonight, I want you to dine in your suite, have a good night's rest and be ready for a big day's work tomorrow. The matron will see that your trunk is brought up.

"One little matter that we must settle some time and it might as well be now — the question of finances. As general manager of the women's branch of the Revolutionist party you can draw any amount of money you need, at any time. This is for personal needs as well as official needs. I think that is all, Miss Falmouth."

He rose to go. Marta stood up.

"No! it isn't quite all, Mr. Morton. I have something to say. I think you are a wonderful organizer. You make me feel almost childish one minute and the next you make me feel as if I was going to be of great help.

"I admit that I started for New York with great hopes and then as I approached the city and I saw how big it was and I began to realize how big our country is and how complex its political and social structure, I felt faint. My courage came back after I met you.

"Now that I see the ease with which you go at things — the direct way in which your mind works, I feel a confidence that I have never felt before."

She reached for his hand to say good night and as he looked into her face he saw a beautiful glow spread over it as one sees the sun light up a hillside when its rays burst from behind a cloud on a summer's day.

"Good night. I shall be looking for you at ten-thirty," she said.

"Good night, Miss Falmouth," said Roger Morton.

He walked toward the elevator and reached the office floor before he noticed that he had neither hat nor top coat with him. So he waited while a boy went to Marta's apartments to get them, all the while wondering what she would think of a man who claimed to be an organizer and who forgot to take his hat and coat on leaving an apartment.

"She must think I'm pretty stupid," was the thought running through his mind.

But Marta Falmouth wasn't thinking any such thing. She was thinking — but what right has even an author to invade the privacy of a young woman's thoughts when she is deeply in love with a man and is trying not to show it to anybody.

## CHAPTER V

### THE REVOLT BEGINS TO ORGANIZE

The following morning, promptly at ten-thirty, Roger Morton sent word to Marta Falmouth's apartments in the Parkway that he was waiting on the office floor. He was pleased when the young woman joined him, without any apparent lapse of time.

"We will walk through and then down the Avenue," he suggested. "I have chosen rooms in the new block at the corner of Forty-second. Most central location and will be very handy for all women visitors."

They joined the ceaseless throng of well dressed men and women who frequent the Avenue at this popular morning hour. Although of athletic build and proud of his stride Roger couldn't help but notice the sure, well-balanced steps that carried Marta Falmouth along with him.

Commenting on current topics the young millionaire kept up a running conversation until they reached the office building he had selected for the Women's Branch Headquarters. They alighted at the sixth floor in spite of the elevator man's remark, "No tenant on this floor, Sir."

The elevator opened into a series of reception halls that were bare of furniture. Roger had a key and

opened the door leading into the front series of offices. He walked to the corner room overlooking the Avenue and indicated the view down that imposing thoroughfare.

"This will be your office, Miss Falmouth," he said, with a smile, "and the rest of the floor will be divided up to suit your executive assistants and office force. The flag will fly from this window and at night there will be an electric sign in constant activity. The design is being drafted."

"Have you already designed the flag for the party?" inquired Marta.

"Only roughly. I suggested to an artist a duplicate of the flag of the thirteen colonies, with a letter for each of the stars."

The young lady counted quickly in her mind before answering.

"Why, I hadn't thought of it before. There are thirteen letters in Revolutionist. I'm glad you are not afraid of the foolish superstition that goes with the number."

"On the contrary," answered Morton, "I was afraid of it, so I deliberately associated it with the thirteen colonies. That will turn it to account. Politics is just a game in which the side that takes advantage of everything oftener than the other side is counted the winner."

"When am I to take charge?" asked Marta.



"I turn this floor over to you at once. Everything from now on will be in your hands."

He paused to note the effect of his words. It was the first real test of the organization that he had touched upon, the evening before.

With scarcely a moment for consideration, the young woman answered him.

"This is Wednesday. I don't know how fast your New York office-supply firms can deliver orders, but I think it is safe to say that we will hold a reception and flag raising ceremonies a week from today."

"Fine," said Roger. "Holman will be here for a speech. You will make a speech and there are several women whom I know that will help start things going. I'll let you have a list, later."

He looked at his watch.

"Would you like to see the general National Headquarters?" he asked.

"What?" asked Marta, in surprise, "are they opened already?"

"Not in full running order yet," smiled Roger. "But getting under way. I've put the best office man the Universal Trust had on its staff in charge of things. A wizard. We will have the smoothest running office in New York inside of two weeks."

They dropped down to the street floor and turned the corner into Forty-second Street.

"In the old days they used to run political headquarters from hotels. Then they began to use a few

offices in old buildings. Nowadays a National headquarters requires an entire floor," said Roger.

They entered the 42nd Street building and Roger asked for the thirteenth floor. He saw Marta smile as he announced it. "Not that reason," he said, shaking his head. "It happened to be the floor where the lessees were more willing to move in exchange for a bonus."

As they alighted Marta recognized, at once, the orderliness of the offices. Bank after bank of desks, awaiting operators, automatic carriers for mail going by every desk, the entire office system only waiting human occupancy to make it a hive of activity.

Roger walked up and down the offices, pointing out the new ideas in equipment. In the office manager's quarters he found Sullivan, from the Universal Trust and introduced him to Marta.

"How about the personnel, Mr. Sullivan?" he asked.

"We are gaining, slowly but surely. The requirements are quite exacting but I think the salary will do the trick for us. Sixteen yesterday and already twelve today."

"Mr. Sullivan is setting a high standard in selecting his force," explained Roger. "Every operator must not only be one hundred per cent competent, but he must be a regular voter, know the assemblyman from the district and furnish the names of twenty registered voters as references. We are offering fifty per cent

bonus in salary over any salary they have ever received."

"Do they all know that it is a political headquarters?" asked Marta.

"Oh, yes," replied Roger. "The only thing withheld so far has been the name of the party. They think it is either the Democratic or Republican party."

"Won't some of them hesitate about being identified with the Revolutionist party?" she asked.

"I don't imagine so," answered Roger. "People don't carry their prejudices as deeply as that. Most employees only interest themselves in their salary. That has been the reason why they were so easily exploited."

"I'm learning something every minute," said Marta. "Would you mind if I adopted an entirely different method of office management at the Women's Branch?"

"Certainly not," answered Roger, emphatically. "In fact, I expected you to do so. Women are different — the appeal to them is different, always has been and always will be. I doubt if you could run the Women's Branch on the same lines that we have outlined here for the men."

Marta looked up at Roger, admiringly.

"Tell me, Mr. Morton," she said, "is there any phase of the political situation that you have not yet analyzed?"

"Oh, yes," answered Roger. "There are countless phases of it that are new to me. In handling a Na-

tional Campaign we have to consider local conditions in every state. Failure to do that in California cost Hughes the presidency in 1916. Then there are labor conditions. Then there are the platforms. We have yet to decide upon what we can offer the people better than is offered by the two old parties. I understand a few psychological fundamentals. But the things that win or lose elections — they are so numerous that I doubt if anybody in the country can grasp them. All that anyone can do is try to absorb as many as possible of them and trust to luck to get better than an even break."

He turned to Sullivan, as if for confirmation. That office executive shook his head.

"Don't count on me," said Sullivan, smiling broadly. "All that I will guarantee to do is keep in touch with every city and town in the country by wire or mail, keep every letter answered, see that all appointments are timed properly, look after the placing of all advertising and the distribution of all literature and that the schedules of all speeches are rigidly lived up to."

"Aside from that, Miss Falmouth," said Roger, "Mr. Sullivan assumes no responsibility whatsoever. By the way," he said, turning to Sullivan, "has Holman wired?"

"Be here at noon on Friday," answered Sullivan. "Stops at Waldorf."

"A Revolutionist to the core," smiled Roger. "I shall be back at two o'clock. Miss Falmouth plans

to have a reception and flag flying at the Women's Branch a week from today. I think that we will defer to that and initiate our publicity from there. A new idea, letting the women assume the lead."

They bowed to Sullivan and Roger led the way around to the Biltmore for lunch.

During the lunch Marta outlined briefly her plans for the women and Morton supplemented her outline with suggestions.

As he escorted her over to her office building after lunch she seemed to be troubled. As he said "good bye" at the street floor, she put her hand on his arm.

"Mr. Morton," she said, and he thought he detected a little tremor in her voice, "I am going through to the finish with my end of the work. I hope it doesn't fail. But I want you to promise me that you will keep in constant touch with me. I shall need your help all the time."

He looked into her eyes.

"I promise you that I will never be away from you a minute more than I can help."

She watched him as he started to go back to National Headquarters, and when she stepped off the elevator at the sixth floor to begin her work of putting things into running order there wasn't the semblance of trouble in her eyes.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE MONEY POWER BECOMES TURBULENT

"I'll see him, alone," said the President of the Universal Trust Company, as a card was brought in and shown him by his office secretary.

This meant that the stenographer was to return to his desk and that when the visitor came into the office of the President there were to be no interruptions under any circumstances. Even the phone was to be silenced. The visitor entered and took a seat at the desk across from the President.

"Well?" asked the President.

"I can't make head or tail out of it, so far, Mr. Morton," answered the other. "But I'll report as far as I've got.

'Roger has taken up permanent quarters at the Harvard Club. A Miss Marta Falmouth from Cambridge, Mass., arrived Tuesday and was met by him at the Grand Central. They went to the Parkway, where he had already arranged for a suite of apartments that would make a Metropolitan opera star jealous.

"There is a matron in charge of the suite and a whole flock of maids and special help. All regular and above board, you understand."

"No needless comment, Lannigan," broke in the President. "My son is a gentleman even if he is a damn fool. Go ahead!"

Lannigan flushed, but he had been with the Universal Trust Co. as chief of its Secret Service Bureau too long not to have accustomed himself to the temper of the President. He continued:

"Miss Falmouth is a stunning looking young woman — sort of a type you might see in a picture — tall and graceful and what you might call distinguished.

"She has charge of the offices in the new Avenue block, the entire sixth floor, and I understand they are to open up day after tomorrow the opening gun of the Campaign.

"The National Headquarters are around in the Forty-second street building on the thirteenth floor. He's got Sullivan in charge there. I've got a room on the twelfth floor and also got a man planted in a room on the fifth floor of the Avenue block. They've just got their phones in and by tomorrow night I ought to have a switch-board cut in at both places so we can get all the messages."

He paused to see how the President was taking the story.

"Good work, Lannigan," commented the banker. "We must know everything that is going on. It is very important. The very life of the government is at stake — do you understand what that means?"

"I do," replied Lannigan, "and I'm going the limit."

"Anything else of importance?" asked the President.

"Holman showed up on Friday. He doesn't look like an anarchist. Looks more like the old-style democrats they used to run before Wilson came in, away back. He and Roger and Miss Falmouth have been in conference ever since he got here. I'll say this for the three of them, that they are the hardest workers I've ever seen — no let up, at all."

"Have they consulted with anybody since Holman got here?" asked Morton. "I mean any political leaders or suspicious characters?"

Lannigan shook his head.

"Not a soul except office men. Not even a newspaper reporter. They are the cagiest three politicians I ever saw and I've seen a lot of them. Why! they haven't even painted the signs on the office doors yet, and nothing on the windows and not any attempt to get into the papers."

"What do you make out of that?" asked the financier.

"I dope it this way," replied Lannigan. "They evidently intend to start things all at once, the National Headquarters and the Women's Branch, full of clerks and stenographers and literature and advertising and all the usual stuff."

"Roger knows that the political game is half bluff and there is nothing so convincing as a good front. Everybody thinks that a big office means a big lot of



work and they have got two of the finest fronts I ever viewed."

"Have you seen any of their literature yet?" asked Morton.

"Not a pamphlet," answered the detective. "One of my boys got a punch in the eye from a watchman at the printing shop they've started. That's the nearest we've got, yet."

"Do you mean to say they've got a printing plant of their own?" asked Morton, in surprise.

"Sure! Forgot to mention it. They bought the entire plant of a big printer down on Seventh Avenue. Already they're putting in a new color press and making changes."

"What else have they done in the four days you've been watching them?" asked Morton, sarcastically.

"I think you've got the main facts," answered Lannigan. "What surprises me isn't what they've done but what they haven't done."

"Such as what?"

"Such as passing up the newspapers and a lot of these pols who are on the outs with everybody. Why! with your son at the head of the show and his coin to back it they could fill the front page with publicity and attract every old has-been in New York."

"Maybe they are playing for a big surprise, as you figured," suggested Morton, "and of course, the name of Morton is good for front page space, especially in this particular situation. I have an idea, Lannigan,

that I shall make an effort to put a blanket over their publicity."

"Yes, sir," said Lannigan.

"See that every newspaper publisher in New York, except the publisher of the Independent, is at this office tomorrow night at seven o'clock."

"How about any unavoidable absences?" asked the detective.

"Then have a representative. We mustn't have any slipups. Who is your man on the Independent now?" asked Morton.

"I'm doing everything through Sargent, the City Editor," said Lannigan. "He is a wonder. Often lets a big thing go by that hasn't any special significance when analyzed and boasts about it to Gilmore, while he's covering up on some really important stuff."

"Can he stop anything as big as this?" asked Morton, anxiously.

"Nothing is big, Mr. Morton, until the newspapers have made it so," replied Lannigan. "The Revolutionist party could open a hundred headquarters and nobody would pay any attention to it until the newspapers began to talk about it."

"The power of the press is a wonderful thing," said Morton, "especially the power it has if it is not used."

"I have often figured that the newspapers were more powerful when they were kept quiet than when they were working for something," said Lannigan.

"All depends," replied Morton. "In this particular case the newspapers are the only hope of the new party. Without them they will be up against a dead wall. If they get full publicity they will be an awful menace. We must choke off the newspapers."

"You will apply the same leverage as formerly?" inquired Lannigan.

"My appeal to the press will be a matter for me to discuss with the publishers, alone," snapped the financier.

"No offense, Mr. Morton," said Lannigan. "I was merely getting my plans into shape. I shall handle Sargent of the Independent with the coin. He is a hound for real money."

"Expense account unlimited," said Morton. "Get me on private phone only if something very important shows up. Tomorrow night, here, at seven o'clock every paper in New York except the Independent. Fix that, yourself. Don't let anything get away from you."

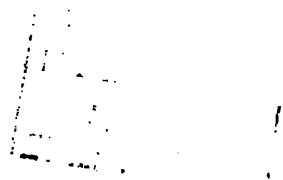
"Good day, sir," was all that Lannigan had to say.

The President of the Universal Trust Company lit a fresh cigar, stared up at a globe of the chandelier in the middle of his office, moved his head from side to side as if to gauge a beam of sunlight that was reflected on the globe and then nervously rang a bell. A boy answered.

"Edgar, I want you to tell the janitor to have that



*“Expense account unlimited,” said Morton*



chandelier thrown out and scrapped. Tell him it makes me nervous."

"Yes, sir, anything else, sir?" asked the boy.

"Anything else, what?" asked Morton.

"Anything else make you nervous?" asked the boy.

"No! just the chandelier. Send in Mr. Holworthy."

"He left, an hour ago. Said he was going to work up in Forty-second Street," said the boy.

"Is that Miss Harkins out there?" asked Morton, irritably.

"No, sir, she left yesterday. Gone to work in the Avenue building."

"Is there a stenographer left in the entire office?" shouted Morton.

"Only a new guy who came this noon," said the boy.

"Send him in," shrieked the President of the Universal Trust Company.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, jumping for the door.

Before closing the door, he turned toward the President of the Universal and spoke.

"Can I say something, Mr. Morton?" he asked.

"Well, what is it?" said the President.

"I'm leaving the Universal, myself, this afternoon," said the boy.

What the President had to say was lost, as the door closed before he had framed his remarks.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE WOMEN'S BRANCH FORMALLY OPENS

On Wednesday, the day set for the formal opening of the Women's Branch of the Revolutionist Party, Marta Falmouth, Roger Morton and Dan Holman held an executive session in the former's private office. Not even the publicity woman was present.

"Briefly, what are the arrangements?" asked Morton, addressing Marta.

"Following your suggestions, I have invited every woman of consequence in New York City and vicinity — either socially, politically or in a business way every one of our guests will stand for something," said Marta.

"The formal opening will be at two o'clock. I shall call the guests together and make a brief speech, outlining the women's opportunity and stating that we want active co-operation on every side.

"Then I shall introduce Mr. Holman as one of our leaders, not mentioning him as our presidential candidate. He will make a speech and the flag will be flown from the window, next to the U. S. flag that is now on the staff."

Marta then took from a box the new flag that Roger

had designed. Holman held it in his hands and turned toward the others.

"The only thing that worries me is whether I shall be able to come up to your expectations. The nearer we get to doing something, the more stupendous the task before us seems to grow."

He held the flag off at arm's length, and noted the design. The simplicity of it and the thirteen stars, each with a letter of the word Revolutionist in it, seemed to impress him.

"At least we have improved on a party emblem. A dull-witted elephant or a stupid donkey are not the most inspiring ornaments for flag purposes. And the Bull-moose that lived for a few short years was not much of an improvement. I like our new flag. It means something."

"I wouldn't touch on our platform in your talk," said Roger.

"I will keep clear of planks," replied Holman. "My talk will be on the general situation and the need for a new party to handle it. I shall point out the supine nature of the so-called leaders in both parties and sound the call for Revolutionists to join our party."

The conference ended with a business discussion.

At two o'clock the rooms of the Women's Branch were jammed to suffocation — the crush composed mostly of women. The elevator force had refused to allow any more people to alight at the sixth floor



at least a half hour previously. Police were stationed at the entrance of the building handling the crowd of ticket holders as best they could.

Marta had arranged with a stentorian voiced crier with a megaphone, to announce that all ticket holders would be accommodated in an overflow meeting in the main Ball-room of the Parkway. In spite of this assurance the crowd kept getting larger up to two o'clock. Morton and Holman were in the private office, which was kept clear only by the physical efforts of two of New York's heavyweight police. The two Revolutionists had been looking out of the window and watching the crowd below.

For the hundredth time Holman made the same observation.

"There's another bevy of automobiles, Roger. I don't see how she caught this crowd without a word in the newspaper." The "she" referred to Marta.

Having neglected to offer any explanation up to this time and feeling that he might just as well let the candidate for President into the secret, Roger handed him one of the engraved invitations that Marta had issued and sent broadcast all over New York and its suburbs. Holman read it, a smile creeping over his face.

*Your presence is requested at the opening  
of the Women's Branch of the Revolutionist  
Party, sixth floor of the Avenue Building,*

*Wednesday, April 22, 1940, at two o'clock.  
A reception and musicale will be held at four  
o'clock in the East Ball-room of the Parkway  
Hotel.*

ARTISTS

*Cardova*

*Tenor*

*Altman*

*Violin*

*Mme. Feldman*

*Soprano*

*Mme. Maliby*

*Contralto*

He handed the invitation back to Roger.

"You see, Dan," commented Roger, "Miss Falmouth took no chances. Why, with that array of talent she could fill Central Park. Her own suggestion, too."

He was interrupted by Marta, who came into the room with her face flushed from the exertion of mingling with the crowd. She gave the signal for opening the sliding doors and then stood on an improvised platform at the end of the room. The flag was on the staff, awaiting only the pulling of the cord before the people on Fifth Avenue would see it.

"Fellow Americans!"

Her full, musical voice sounded through the rooms. The din stopped. All eyes turned toward the private office. Those who couldn't see the speaker went through the contortion known as straining their ears to get the words that were to follow. Marta waited a moment and then continued her speech.

"Today is a momentous day in the political history of our country.

"After weeks of preparation on the part of its sponsors, the Revolutionist party makes its initial bow to the world. It makes that bow in the Women's Branch. It thus pays a compliment to woman such as no other party has ever paid before.

"Both the Democratic party and the Republican party ignored the woman suffrage movement during its infancy. As it grew they both tolerated it. When it became inevitable they both tried to claim the credit for the movement.

"When the opportunity came, back in 1919, to give the Anthony Amendment to the states for ratification, it was a group of re-actionary Republican and Democratic Senators who killed submission in the declining years of the session — even while the people were welcoming home the troops who had won the war for world democracy. No party can claim credit for the suffrage movement.

"The right of women in America to exercise the franchise of the ballot was won by the women themselves — by the Susan B. Anthonys, the Lucy Stones, the Lucretia Motts, the Julia Ward Howes, the Alice Stone Blackwells, the Charlotte Gilmans, the Carrie Chapman Catts and that giantess of oratory and argument, Anna Howard Shaw. I speak of her in the singular because the suffrage movement never produced her duplicate.

"No party can claim for itself the women of America. They are free. But the Revolutionist party can and does, today, offer them the most wonderful opportunity ever offered to a group of thinking voters, it offers them the great opportunity of reclaiming America — of restoring the rights of the Constitution to the people.

"The votes of the women of America are to be the leading factor in the election of the President this year. That is why this Women's Branch has been organized.

"I have said that no party can claim for itself the exclusive credit for advancing the suffrage movement. Each had its share, forced upon it by the women themselves, aided by far thinking and courageous leaders among the men.

"Among those leaders was one whom I will now introduce — a man who has never deserted the cause, a man who was more responsible during the trying years from 1928 to 1934 for winning over the last two needed states to accepting the Federal Amendment than any man in America, courageous Dan Holman of Kansas."

Starting with a slight tremor in her voice, due to nervousness, Marta had finished her speech with a vibrance and vigor that carried every tone to the farthest corners of the offices that made up the big suite.

There had not been an interruption. Standing near her, at one side, Roger Morton had listened with

almost a painful intensity. He realized that it was the first plunge for the new movement. Not once did his eyes leave her face. As she finished, Roger shifted his glance quickly toward the congested audience to catch the effect of her words. Hardly had the last tone of her voice stopped before a ripple of applause started. It gained in power at once. In ten seconds the entire sixth floor was in an uproar.

"Oh! if I could only tell her how well she put it across," he thought, but there was no time for congratulations. Holman was already talking. Trained in public speaking — a voice mellow and rich — an audience that was evidently inclined to be friendly — there was only pleasure in it for Holman to address a small, informal gathering like this.

Master of the art of first gaining the confidence of his hearers and then weaving the spell of his magic, it required no effort to carry them along. In Holman's case there had always to be added to his capacity as an orator the unquestionable sincerity of the man himself. Always in the front of the political battle line, he had attained a reputation for radicalism years back that had later shown itself to be the very ground-work of conservatism as the country had developed and come to grasp his view-points.

"I trust I may be pardoned if I offer a strictly personal opinion at this time," said Holman after outlining the general needs for a new party, "when I state that I have lost all hope of reform in either

the Democratic party, with which I have always been associated, or the Republican party, with which I have never been able to agree until years after they had reluctantly adopted proven Democratic doctrines.

"Today, both of those once great parties are in the grip of the money power. Organized capital controls them both. Outwardly they appear to disagree, but it is all a sham. Whether a Democratic or Republican president is chosen at this year's election will make no difference to the money-kings. They will run both conventions — select both candidates and then let the people pick the one who makes the better appearance or has the better organization behind him.

"Why, if the money-powers thought there was the slightest chance of the Revolutionist candidate being elected they would try to control our Convention so that a man agreeable to them would be put in nomination.

"Therein lies the hope for reform. There will be three candidates for President, I mean three active candidates. The Socialist party candidate will not poll more than the usual proportion. We will not affect the Socialist vote one way or the other. With two leading candidates controlled by one selfish interest and the other candidate controlled by no selfish interest but running free and untrammelled, I can see one and only one result — success to our cause.

"This much is absolutely certain — that the women of America will decide the coming election. If they

vote stronger for the Democrat, he will win, for the Republican, he will win, but if they organize in their might and decide to vote their great strength for the Revolutionist candidate then all the money on earth cannot stop the head of the Revolutionist ticket from being the next President of the United States of America.

"To emphasize the movement as one dedicated to liberty we have designed a flag of thirteen stars — emblematic of the thirteen original states of this great republic and we now throw that flag to the breeze for the first time."

The rope was pulled and the Revolutionist flag, in red, white and blue, floated over Fifth Avenue.

It is utterly impossible to describe on a printed page the effect of plain statements made by Dan Holman. Only those who have heard him speak can understand why applause and wild enthusiasm always punctuated and followed his every speech.

On this afternoon at the Women's Branch the usual scenes were enacted. The women standing in the first rows crowded to the little platform to shake his hand, while others equally enthusiastic pushed their way through from the rear.

One excited woman, holding a check up in the air in sight of everybody, elbowed her way toward Holman. As she came within speaking distance she shrieked:

"Here is a check for ten thousand, Mr. Holman, and there is more where that came from."

This was the signal. Had there been the least doubt about outside financial assistance to the needs of the party, it was swept away right there.

During the hour that followed, checks and pledges for half a million had been tabulated and they were still coming in even while most of the guests had gone to the musicale at the Parkway.

While the meeting at the offices had been an overwhelming success from an organization standpoint, the musicale in the Parkway Ball-room was an even greater success artistically and socially because the space permitted it. The affair closed at five-thirty and Marta had as her guests at dinner, in addition to Holman and Morton about twenty prominent New York women that Morton had selected with special regard for influence.

"Not a refusal," he said to Marta, as he managed to get that busy young woman's attention, near the close of the program. "In fact, I think most of them broke engagements in order to be with us. I am having the dinner served in the dining-room of your apartments."

"I am under orders," she said, giving him a wondrous smile as he left to make further arrangements, while Marta gave her attention to the finish of the program and the departure of the afternoon's guests.



## CHAPTER VIII

### LANNIGAN REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF

While Marta and Holman and young Morton were receiving congratulations at the dinner in Marta's apartments at the Parkway, an entirely different kind of meeting was taking place at the home of the President of the Universal Trust Company.

Lannigan, the chief of staff of the Universal Secret Service, was making a complete report on the afternoon's proceedings.

"So you think both Holman and the girl made a hit?" asked Mr. Morton.

"From what my operator tells me, they were knock-outs. I never trust myself on these things. I leave it to someone not so keenly interested," replied Lannigan.

"Here is a full report of what they both said. Better glance through it." He handed three typed pages to the financier.

Morton read them, carefully, sometimes re-reading to make sure of the exact context. Then he returned to the conversation.

"Nothing in this but old stuff," he commented.

"Same old bunk," said Lannigan, "but my operator

said it went over with a bang. It's the way this stuff is handled that makes it good or bad.

"I don't know how much money they raised but it ran away up into the thousands," continued Lannigan, "and from the names of the contributors there is an endless supply of money."

"Might as well know now that Roger has pledged a hundred millions for the fight," interrupted Morton. "So you can see money can't interfere with their plans. We must fight them with influences that money can't buy."

"Puts a handicap on our work," suggested Lannigan drily.

"No sarcasm, Lannigan," said Morton, tersely. "I'm quite serious about the money end of it. With Roger's resources working for them there isn't a purchasable thing that they can't control just as well as the Republicans or the Democrats. You see that much, don't you?"

Lannigan nodded his head.

"Well, then, there is only one course to be adopted and that is to sew up tight every influence that isn't purchasable. Isn't that logical?"

It was so unusual for Morton to defer even in a small way to anybody's opinion that Lannigan hesitated before entering into the discussion as though he were on an equal footing. He merely said, "Yes, sir."

"Then get this!" Morton leaned across the heavy

library table and looked into Lannigan's eyes, "We've got to control the columns of every big newspaper in the country, every weekly that amounts to anything, every telegraph wire, news-service and every hall of any consequence."

Lannigan shook his head.

"We can't control Lincoln Park in Chicago and we can't shut up Boston Common," he said sarcastically.

"Certainly not," came back Morton, "but what good will it do them even to hold out-door meetings if they don't get into the newspapers with their stories. Meetings don't amount to a darn. I've seen big meetings that were not well covered fizzle out as news stories and I've seen poorly attended affairs that were played up by the press until they took on international significance. It's all in the publicity—the way things are handled."

"Correct," said Lannigan.

"Now, this meeting of this afternoon would be a wonderful affair if it was played up in the morning papers," went on Morton, "but if it isn't even mentioned in a single paper in New York it will not amount to anything."

"In fact," and a derisive smile came into his face, "if there isn't a word in the papers tomorrow morning, Lannigan, all of the women who made contributions will be as mad as Hell and Holman and the Falmouth girl will be so disappointed that they won't want to speak to each other."

"Further than that, my enthusiastic young son will realize that he is up against somebody who can play this game from every angle and then some. They can't buy the newspapers — either the news-columns or advertising columns. We control them, absolutely, in the interest of conservatism and the public good. So there's one place where their money won't get them any farther ahead than if they didn't have it."

"Sounds reasonable to me," said Lannigan.

"Logical all the way through," asserted Morton. "Politics must have publicity to feed on. No cause can grow without the help of the press. Shut off the newspapers and there isn't any more interest than there is in Babylonian history."

He leaned back in his chair as though he had settled the problems of the world.

"That end of it is all fixed, as I understand it," suggested Lannigan.

"Absolutely settled at last night's conference," said Morton. "There won't be a line in any New York morning newspaper, assuming that you take care of the Independent."

"Independent will go through, clean," said Lannigan, "but how about the Socialist paper?"

"That, Lannigan, is the least of our troubles," and the head of the Universal Trust Company laughed at his own witticism.

"Nothing more for me, then?" asked the detective.

"Only to make absolutely sure of the Independent."

We've got to break their hearts at the very outset. Why, if they got all the publicity that their meeting today deserved, they would carry the lead on the front page of every daily in America tomorrow. Never would do, Lannigan. This country is too conservative to stand for a crowd of revolutionists, even if my own son is financing them."

Lannigan thought he detected a tone of regret rather than of vindictiveness in the voice of the financier, but he was given no time for analysis.

"Keep tabs on everything. Don't let a move be made without letting me know," commanded Morton.

"Covering everything, Mr. Morton," said Lannigan, rising to go. "One of the guests at the Falmouth girl's apartments is one of my operators. Both phones at both headquarters are now cut in on our private switch-board; three shifts of men covering Holman at his hotel and Roger at his club. I've got six girls in the Women's Branch offices and four good men planted in the National Headquarters."

"Lannigan, you're a wonder," said the world's money king.

"Got to be to get anywhere in my business," answered Lannigan, walking to the door, satisfied with himself and all the world. Morton, the most powerful figure in finance had begun, at last, to recognize his great talents as an organizer of secret service.

## CHAPTER IX

### DISAPPOINTMENT PLUS

The morning after the formal opening of the Women's Branch, Marta Falmouth was up at six o'clock, or rather she was awake at that time.

She rang for her maid and instructed her to go down to the office floor and get copies of every morning paper just as soon as the news stand opened.

While waiting for the maid to return with the papers, she dressed herself, not having reached that point when she needed any assistance in her toilette. Had Roger Morton been given access to the boudoir he would have been surprised to see, in an old fashioned frame, in the place of honor, the picture of a young collegian in a mortar board hat, with a rakish slant to it.

Marta Falmouth, in her first contact with the public, had acquitted herself with dignity and even distinction. Although modest to a degree she knew that the entire affair, from her own opening remarks up to the moment when she had said "Good bye" to her last guest, was a most brilliant success.

And yet, with all her assurance, there was that nervous tension that always comes to people engaged in public work as they await the arrival of the

papers to find out how the press has handled the matter.

Marta picked up the picture of young Morton and looked it squarely in the eyes.

"I do hope they have given you credit for the work you have done, dear," she said, to her picture. "Without you there wouldn't be any new party at all." Then she kissed the picture, impulsively.

It was nearly seven o'clock before the maid returned with the bundle of morning papers. With a heart beating at a dangerous speed, Marta took them and began to look them over.

Looking, naturally, on the first page of the Independent for the best story, she was almost dumfounded when she saw no reference whatever to the meeting. She quickly glanced through the rest of the paper and finally laid it aside, with a quizzical smile on her face.

In dread she picked up one of New York's most conservative old dailies and went through it from start to finish, with the same result. A tear crept into her eye. It seemed as if her heart had almost ceased to beat.

But Marta Falmouth wasn't afraid to face the situation when it had to be faced. In spite of the tears that couldn't be restrained she went carefully through every one of the eight papers that were supposed to furnish all the news of important happenings in the world to their readers, without fear or favor.

Not a single line concerning the Women's Branch opening, not a word about the Revolutionist party, not a syllable regarding the magnificent reception in the Parkway Ball-room, not a word regarding the world's most famous artists, not a punctuation mark to indicate that there was a new silk flag over Fifth Avenue. To Marta it seemed that all her efforts had been wasted, all the careful preparations of the week gone for nothing.

The maid discreetly absented herself. Marta returned to her boudoir and picked up the picture of Roger Morton. As she held it close where she could look into the eyes she said, "They're going to try to break your heart, but you mustn't let them. We'll fight now as we have never fought before." The flood-gates were opened and the dignified young woman of the afternoon before fell full length on the bed and sobbed out her awful disappointment.

At the same time, Roger Morton was drinking deep of the cup of disillusion. In the library of his club he was sitting, entirely surrounded by newspapers in disarray, and a sickly smile played across his mouth.

"The governor surely put one over on us, this morning," he muttered. "But he has shown his hand too early."

"I wonder if Marta knows yet?" he thought. At least six times he started for the phone to call her up and then came back to his seat, finally going into the



breakfast room, admitting to himself that it was only bravado as he had no more appetite than if he had just finished a hearty meal.

He nibbled away at his cereal and stirred his coffee nervously, while his mind jumped from one phase of the situation to another. One thought kept recurring so often that finally it dominated all of his thoughts. "Marta mustn't know how badly they were beaten." Over and over again it repeated itself until there was only that one thought in his mind.

He was interrupted by a boy paging him. "Wanted on the phone." He answered the phone, expecting to hear Marta's voice at the other end and with his story all framed. But it was Holman's voice that greeted him, in answer to his "Hello!"

"Good morning, Roger," said Holman. "I see that the New York papers have given us quite a send-off."

"The Governor put one over on us, Dan," answered Roger, "But I'd much rather have it come now than later. The only thing that worries me is the way that Marta will take it."

"And the only thing that she's worrying about is how you'll take it," replied Holman.

"How do you know that?" asked Roger, eagerly, "Have you phoned her?"

"At this hour of the morning?" replied Holman. "Certainly not. Haven't you?"

"No, Dan," answered Roger. "But it wasn't the

early hour that restrained me. I'll tell you the truth. I was afraid to. We mustn't let her know what an awful smash it was. It would break her heart."

"Wrong again," answered Holman. "It's the best thing that could happen to us. We will know how to guard against such accidents in the future, and believe me, such a thing as a disappointment can't show up again. What time do I see you?"

"Nine-thirty at the Big Headquarters. I'll have Marta there and we will decide on our next move."

"I shall be there," answered Holman, while Roger went back to his breakfast with a prospect that it was going to be eaten and not merely nibbled. He ordered a pot of fresh coffee as if he meant it.

"Funny what a little talk with a real friend will do for a jaded appetite," he thought as he picked up a newspaper to see what there was of interest going on in the world outside of politics.

At nine o'clock he sent word up to Marta's apartment that he was in the lobby of the Parkway, and if there was any sign of a deep disappointment about that young woman when she left her rooms it had entirely disappeared when she shook hands with Roger a minute later.

"You saw the papers?" he asked, as they started for the door.

"Every one of them," replied Marta.

"Were you disappointed?" he asked.

"I cried for an hour," she said, simply. He looked her full in the face. She returned his gaze steadily.

"I am awfully sorry," he said, "but it couldn't be helped. There was no way of knowing. My father controls the press and I figured he might have the publishers put in a garbled account of the affair, but I didn't think he would do such a silly thing as stop them from printing a line about a matter that is real news."

"It didn't occur to me that it was silly," said Marta, "but the more I think of it the more stupid it becomes."

"That's the way I look at it," continued Roger. "I was knocked off my pins when I realized that there wasn't a line in the papers. Then I went into executive session with myself and I decided that anybody who would try to keep the news of such an important meeting out of the papers entirely, was giving notice to everybody who was present or who learned about it that the new party was a dangerous party—I mean dangerous in the sense of being formidable—and nothing grows so fast as a movement that powerful influences are apparently afraid of.

"My father, at the very outset, has told every newspaper man in New York that he is afraid of the Revolutionist party. He has also told everyone of those who were present, yesterday, the same thing. They will now look upon us as something to be reckoned with—a vital factor in politics.

"Further, when we do get into the press, we will

break in by sheer strength, in a way that can't be set aside. Two hours ago I was the bluest man in New York. Right now I am the happiest and would be the happiest man in the world if I were sure of one thing."

"What is that?" asked Marta, the tone of his voice having indicated that he wanted her to ask the question.

They were nearing the entrance to the Avenue offices. The spring air had brought the blush of a rose into Marta's cheeks that rivalled the bloom of a rose that she had pinned to her coat before leaving her apartments.

Roger looked at her, drew a deep breath, and said:

"I know that I would be the happiest man in the world if," he hesitated, "if I was absolutely sure that we could elect Holman President of the United States."

Marta smiled back at him. She would have been unworthy the name of woman if she hadn't known, deep down in her heart, what he would have liked to say.

"Well! if that is the objective that will bring you the most happiness there is only one thing for us to do—work night and day until the votes are counted in November."

"Are you absolutely hopeful?" asked Roger.

"After the way in which you have shown me you can take disappointments I am not only hopeful, I am absolutely sure that the Revolutionist ticket will be triumphantly elected," said Marta, and they went into the office building, walking on air.

## CHAPTER X

### THE REVOLUTIONISTS TAKE A BRACE

Although Roger's appointment at Big Headquarters with Dan Holman had been for nine-thirty it was just ten o'clock when he kept the appointment. He was accompanied by Marta. They found the tentative candidate for President in the executive offices of the headquarters smoking serenely and reading the dullest of the New York morning dailies.

After greetings, Roger said, "I thought we had better go into an introspective session and formulate plans for avoiding any such disappointments as we faced this morning."

"Seconded!" said Holman, drily. "But let me tell you one thing, Roger, and that is I'm not so sure the disappointment isn't a blessing. We are now prepared to meet all similar attempts and we have the further satisfaction of knowing that somebody is already afraid of us."

Roger looked at Marta, who smiled back at him. Speaking to Holman she said:

"You have arrived at the same conclusion that Mr. Morton had reached when he met me. I, myself, was just beginning to formulate a similar conclusion, but I was afraid that it was more an excuse for our

failure to get proper publicity than a logical conclusion. In your case it would be purely logical, of course."

"Not necessarily," answered Holman. "One of the great weaknesses of every campaign is the flippant tendency to discount the strength of the opposition. It is so easy to say, as I have often heard prominent workers say, that it doesn't amount to anything, when the opposing faction or candidate had made some telling attack or speech.

"I have learned to attach the utmost importance to everything done on the other side, to analyze it from every view-point and to turn it to account if it is possible. In the present case I have reached these deductions:

"First, the money power that controls the New York press was aware of everything we did, and arranged, at a great deal of effort, to stop every bit of publicity.

"Second, that we have made an impression upon the opposition when such elaborate plans are taken to keep our story from getting the space in the papers that its news value deserved.

"Third, that we must secure the services of the most competent publicity man in the political field that we can find.

"Fourth, that all the brains in the country are not in the control of the moneyed interests because if they were we would not have been told so forcefully that we were something to be feared. But they have

told us so in a way that leaves no doubt in my mind. Do you agree with me Roger?"

"Word for word, Dan," replied Morton, "and I think I know the reason. The Governor is an organizer. Organization is his one mental domination. He drilled it into me, but I never went beyond the point where I felt that it over-shadowed the human equation.

"But the Governor thinks it the beginning and the end of everything. He feels that he won his place in the banking World entirely through organization. He may be right. He feels equally sure that he won all his political fights because of superior organization. In that I'm inclined to agree with him as I followed them all.

"He probably had investigators reporting to him on our offices and they also reported to him on the way in which the opening and the reception were carried through. He insisted on learning all the details and the details to him indicated good organization. That was what scared the Governor. He isn't afraid of anything else."

"You think that your father would employ spies to give him information?" asked Marta.

Roger laughed.

"Spies are his best assets in a political fight," he said. "I don't mean men carrying guns or women vampires. I mean trained political observers who keep their ears and eyes opened and sense public

sentiment. My father has a mental picture of yesterday's events that is more comprehensive than if he had been in every room of the offices and in the Parkway Ball-room all at the same time.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he had the names of every one of your dinner guests, Miss Falmouth, and knew what was said at the dinner. My father is very thorough."

"He will need to be," declared Holman, "because we are going to keep him busy. How about a publicity man, Roger, one whom we can trust?"

"I think that matter is being taken care of," replied Roger, "but I'll see." He reached for the phone and asked the office exchange to get White of the Editor and Publisher. The connection was made at once.

"Hello! Jim," said Roger. "Roger Morton talking. Have you got on the trail of that publicist yet?"

The answer came back.

"Just a minute," said Roger, then to Holman, "take this name and address, Dan. Edward F. McWilliams, 35 Congress St., Boston," then back to the phone, "Thanks very much. I am going to hire him simply on your recommendation." He hung up.

"White, of the Editor and Publisher, been looking up a man for me. Says McWilliams is the best political publicist in America. Will phone him to be here in the morning."



"I hope he's able to take on all the publicity, and meet all conditions. Very few really constructive publicists. Lots of press agents, lots of good writers, but men of initiative are few. They're worth everything in a campaign," commented Holman.

"I've thought out a tentative plan that I'd like you to consider," he continued.

"Go ahead!" said Roger.

"I think we ought to open our general campaign outside of New York. Faneuil Hall, Boston, is a public building that stands for more in American History than any other one edifice — Webster called it the 'Cradle of American Liberty.'

"I was thinking that if we could launch a great nation-wide speaking tour at Faneuil Hall we would be starting under favorable auspices."

"Fine!" said Marta, her face aglow. "I love Faneuil Hall, and it means so much to every thinking man and woman. I approve of it heartily."

"Well!" said Roger, "I may be a New Yorker, but I wouldn't be a good New Yorker if I didn't give Faneuil Hall first place in American history for absolute freedom of speech. I also endorse your idea, Dan."

"I should say that a week from today would be as good a time as any. I suggest that nobody here know anything about it until the day before. I wouldn't mention it over the phone. Let McWilliams — if we engage him — prepare elaborate advertisements for the Boston papers, to be signed by the

Revolutionist National Committee, announcing the meeting.

"He also can suggest some presiding officer, although it is unimportant. What we want is the biggest crowd that the Hall ever saw — an enormous overflow meeting — and if it is a warm night, have arrangements made to go to the Old North Church, to Bunker Hill and then return to Milk Street, where Ben Franklin was born, and say a few words for that staunch old revolutionist."

"Great program, Dan," said Roger, enthusiastically. "You surely know Boston like a book."

"Had to learn something while going through Harvard," said Holman, laconically. "You'll need permits for all these things and the City controls the hall. Anybody can engage it for political meetings. Put McWilliams to work. I'm going home tonight and make arrangements for a trip all over the country. I'll give you my itinerary before I leave."

"When do you strike New York?" asked Roger.

"When I'm absolutely certain that all the money on earth can't keep the New York newspapers from giving us first page publicity, I shall speak in Madison Square Garden and we will turn away the biggest crowd that the old building ever refused to accommodate."

He arose and held up his head as if to challenge the enemies of the people. Roger slapped him on the back, affectionately.

"Good old boy, Dan," he said. "I guess the Governor has started something this morning."

"Something that we've got to finish in the right way," replied Holman, feelingly.

The phone rang. Roger reached for it. A clouded expression came over his face. Turning to the others he said:

"It's from the Women's Branch. They have just been notified by the trustees of the building that several of the tenants object to the Revolutionist flag flying from the building and that it must be taken in." He hung up the phone.

"What will we do?" asked Marta, in consternation.

"You like the flag, don't you?" asked Roger.

"I just love it," said Marta.

"It doesn't do to haul down the flag, even for the arrogant trustees of a New York office building, does it?" asked Roger.

"The lease doesn't cover us," said Holman. "If they insist, they can compel us to haul it in."

"Then there's only one thing to do," said Morton, reaching for the phone.

"What's that?" asked Holman.

"Buy the damn building, of course," replied the millionaire revolutionist, telling the operator to get him one of the city's biggest real estate operators.

"The Governor started something, all right," smiled Dan Holman.

Marta made no comment. She just sat and looked

from one to the other of the two men. She was beginning to realize the meaning of the colloquial phrase "a go-through man." She wondered if it was humanly possible to stop two such dynamic forces as were represented in Dan Holman whom she admired, and Roger Morton whom she loved.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE MONEY POWERS CONVENE

The telegraphic hurry-up, sent out by President Morton of the Universal Trust Company to his colleagues in the financial world, brought immediate response, as usual. From as far away as California came Elton, the fruit king, from Oregon came Mosely, the fish and lumber king, and from various other parts of the country came the recognized heads of every branch of economic exploitation.

The meeting was secret, as were all meetings of this group, and was held in the executive offices of the Universal Trust four days after the opening of the Women's Branch of the Revolutionist party.

Morton called the meeting to order. He looked around the group in front of him, counting them.

"Fifteen present, not counting myself," he said.

"That is correct. Farnley, Aylesworth and Benson wired me unable to come, blanket endorsement of every effort."

It was not necessary to tell the fifteen prosperous looking men facing him that Farnley was the head of the motion picture industry and its allied ramifications, that Aylesworth controlled the furniture industry of the North American continent and that

Benson was the head of the trust that manufactured about ninety per cent of all the clothing and shoes worn by the people of the United States. This particular trust had been one of those formed shortly after the great war, with funds made in large governmental transactions.

"I do not need to tell you gentlemen that this is Presidential year," continued Morton. "Ordinarily I would go ahead with plans for the selection of agreeable candidates for President and Vice-president in both leading parties, and then let the people choose the pair they liked the better.

"But certain things have come up that made me feel as though I should consult with you gentlemen before going ahead.

"A new party has been formed that promises to make trouble."

"That's what they all claim and then they fall with a thud!" said Turnholt, of Chicago, the head of the meat industry, sarcastically.

"This party is different in many ways," said Morton. "If it wasn't I wouldn't bother to talk about it."

"Well! shoot it! Give us the dope," said Galloway, the head of the Galloway chain of retail stores.

"In the first place, they have unlimited money," continued Morton.

"What of it?" asked Milliken, the oil king.

"It is the greatest essential in American politics as conducted today," replied Morton. "They've

got all the money that can be spent in a campaign without resentment on the part of the people. There is a limit as to how much money can be spent judiciously. They have all they need and they can go the limit."

"Anything else?" asked Walters, the head of the automobile industry.

"Plenty, if you'll all keep quiet," said Morton, showing the first trace of irritation at the sarcastic interruptions.

"This new party has the brains and the desire to organize. Already they have a better arranged set of offices than the Democratic National party had four years ago. Furthermore they have the best organizer in America at their head."

"Who is it?" asked Mendel, the Aeroplane king.  
"Can't we get him?"

Morton shook his head.

"No!" he replied, "we can't. In fact, gentlemen, it is Roger Morton who is furnishing the money to organize this new party. I tried to reason with him, but he had given his word to his old Professor at Harvard to go through and he'll go through to the limit. 'Morton's don't break their word,' he told me, and he's right. Incidentally I've given my word to put the new Revolutionist party out of business."

At the word "Revolutionist" the entire group sat up as though electrified.

"Is that the name they've adopted?" asked Nugent, head of the Drug trust.

"That is the name," answered Morton, "and they have copied the flag of the original thirteen colonies as their emblem, with a letter in each star.

"The only reason you haven't seen something about it in the papers is because I clamped the lid down tight and have held it there.

"They held an opening of their so-called Women's Branch last Wednesday. I had it covered at every point. It was a great success. They had invited every big woman in New York to attend, and they gave a big reception and musicale at the Parkway Ball-room after the branch was opened. The bill for the talent alone was around forty thousand and it was worth it because no woman in New York could resist going."

"My wife was there, but she thought it was some crazy movement," broke in Edgerly, the head of the Coal industry. "I paid no attention to it,"

"Well! it isn't something to be ignored," went on Morton, seriously. "It is a formidable movement and one that can't be stopped. The woman that they have at the head of the women's department is as sincere as Joan of Arc. I'm told that she speaks like a gifted actress and yet she's new in this line.

"Their candidate for President is Dan Holman of Kansas. Most of you have heard him talk and you know the kind of crowds he can draw. Of course, money means nothing to a man who has reached Holman's age without expressing the least desire ever



to amass wealth. In fact he's one of that type of men who will go broke at forty to carry out an idea — a dangerous man because you can't control him.

"A little thing happened the day after their opening that shows the speed at which they intend to work.

"They flew their new Revolutionist flag out of their office window in the Avenue Building. I got into touch with the Morton National people on the ground floor and they filed a protest with the trustees of the building against such a flag flying."

"What happened?" inquired Forsyth of the Ship trust.

"Roger took title to the building inside of an hour and served notice on every tenant in the building that the flag was going to stay up and that a new electric sign was going to be installed that would spell Revolutionist in red, white and blue letters until election day, next November."

"What is their next move?" asked Oliver of Atlanta, the head of the Cotton trade.

"I can't find out. Holman went back to Kansas, Thursday afternoon, and while there is all kinds of office activity there doesn't appear to be any planning for a big demonstration.

"Usually, Madison Square Garden is the place where they start these things. You remember that big Bolshevik meeting that the police had to stop back in '21 and the series of Socialist meetings that have been held there recently. The Garden is the

logical place for their next demonstration, but they haven't even made inquiries on dates."

"Why not engage the Garden for every night until election day?" asked Sargent, the Silver king.

"Under city regulations, now. When engaged, the garden must be used. We played the other game too often, back in the 1932 fight, trying to kill off Dolliver. No, if they want the use of Madison Square Garden they can have it and nobody can stop them.

"The only way to stop the Revolutionist party is to fight them at the polls with the best candidate the Republican party can put up."

"What's the matter with Bancroft?" asked Purcell, the flour king.

"You always leaned toward the Democrats," answered Morton, directing his remarks to Purcell, "but Bancroft's administration hasn't satisfied anybody. He will be re-nominated but he is licked right now. Don't misunderstand me. He has been all right so far as any personal requests go. He put Horsley at the head of the Federal Reserve and he named the entire cabinet that we suggested, but he hasn't done anything to satisfy popular clamour and he's going to be defeated.

"One thing we must always consider in a fight such as we are facing and that is that the new party if properly organized cannot be ignored and that if the Democrats and Republicans are of even strength the new ticket will win.

"When Roosevelt was nominated on the Progressive ticket, back in 1912, if he had taken the same strength from the Democrats that he did from the Republicans he would have been elected overwhelmingly. The Democrats didn't fall down, anywhere, so they won.

"You see how important it is that we don't have two strong men in the field. That is why I'm glad to see Bancroft re-nominated. He will enable us to concentrate our efforts on the republican candidate."

"Do you mean to say that the Revolutionist candidate is absolutely sure of second place?" asked Wales, the copper magnate, nervously.

"Nothing can stop him from defeating one of our candidates" replied Morton. "There is just enough unrest in the country to accomplish that much.

"Our hope is to keep him from defeating both of them, and that can be stopped only by putting a powerful, conservative candidate at the head of the Republican ticket and let Bancroft shift for himself. By getting all the conservatives from both parties we can win."

"Have you anybody in mind?" asked Goss, the head of the Railways.

"Four men are under consideration," said Morton. "I shall see them all within a week and reach a decision. Then we will proceed to nominate.

"There isn't anything else to be considered, gentlemen. As to finances we shall need about two hundred million. The assessments will be levied in the usual

form, later. I'm not worried, you understand. I'm not afraid of a fight, as you know, but there are some strange elements in this one, and when it comes to organization we are up against the best organizer in America, even if he is my son."

"Did you ever tell him he was the best?" asked Galloway of the Retail stores.

"No," said Morton, smiling, "in fact, I used to intimate that he was the worst, but all the time I knew he was a genius. I gave him a jolt the other day and I'll continue to jolt him as we go along. If we can only shake his confidence we will be doing the best thing I can think of.

"But," and there was just the least bit of fatherly pride in his voice, "he's a Morton and he's a go-through man, and he's given his word.

"We've got some work ahead, gentlemen, so be ready at any time. I anticipate a very busy Summer and Fall. I thought you might like to know, well in advance, that I am not unprepared for the things that I have every reason to believe are going to happen."

The meeting stood adjourned, subject to the call of the chair.

## CHAPTER XII

### ON TO FANEUIL HALL

One week after the opening of the Women's Branch, the Revolutionist party held its first big public meeting. Profiting by the experiences gained at the Women's meeting, Roger had planned a surprise on his father. He had kept the big meeting a profound secret at the New York headquarters and instructed his new publicity man not to say a word about it until the day before it was to take place.

"Faneuil Hall, Boston, isn't a large hall to fill, McWilliams," he explained to the publicity man, "and if we hold back all our copy until the day before the meeting we are not taking any chances on securing an overflow audience, but we are making it impossible to circumvent us on publicity."

"How heavy will I go on space?" asked McWilliams.

"As much space as they'll take on the front pages and a full page in every paper on the inside," answered Roger. "I want the place jammed, I want the old cradle to rock for the new liberty, but I want the national publicity that goes with it. By not letting the opposition know anything about it until after we have sprung our advertising they will not try to stop the ads from appearing."

"I don't believe the Boston papers would turn down

advertisements just because your father asked them to do so," said McWilliams.

"I'm not going to give him a chance to bring any pressure to bear," said Roger. "This meeting has got to make good. That's why I engaged you. No more trusting to luck."

So it happened that while Lannigan was watching every move of Roger and Marta in New York and as one of his best men was following Dan Holman out to Kansas and had wired that Holman was now on the way back, McWilliams had prepared elaborate advertisements to startle Bostonians into coming to historic Faneuil Hall. These ads he released in the evening edition of the afternoon papers the day before the meeting, and followed them up in the morning editions the day of the meeting.

Edward McWilliams knew his profession. Cheated for years out of the recognition that his wonderful talents should have commanded and waiving aside the large fees that he could have obtained, had he been willing to prostitute these talents, he had entered into his relations with the Revolutionist party with all his old-time zeal. Although well past fifty years of age his philosophy of life and adherence to idealism in all matters of public contact with the printed word had kept him young. McWilliams would never be an old man. He had found the spring in his own heart for which Ponce de Leon had searched a continent in vain.

This little observation on McWilliams is necessary to an understanding of the enthusiasm that entered into the Revolutionist Campaign from the first public announcement in Boston and that continued to grow in geometric ratio with succeeding announcements, not only in the form of advertising but interviews with leaders in the movement, stories of all kinds, and in fact every conceivable form of publicity.

Many people have wondered how it was possible to keep up the intense — the almost fanatical enthusiasm, bordering at times on frenzy — that accompanied the progress of the Revolutionist Movement. Some have credited the movement itself with supplying it. To an extent the movement was the basis, but the most vital element was the fact that McWilliams handled the publicity and handled it in the most masterly fashion.

His first release, the announcements in the evening editions of the Boston papers, were marvels of clarity. Presented in plain gothic type with liberal use of white space they stood forth under the one word REVOLT in such a way that no reader of the millions who purchased the evening papers could possibly avoid them. Everybody in Boston, in fact, everybody within fifty miles of Boston, knew that there was to be a meeting in Faneuil Hall on the following evening at which Dan Holman was to speak.

Unlike most publicists, McWilliams was not lazy. He didn't slur his work. That was why he changed

his tactics in the morning papers and discussed the new party under the caption REVOLUTIONIST, laying stress on Faneuil Hall as the one edifice where any real movement for freedom should be initiated. The unlimited space at his command and the fact that there was no law against spending any amount in national publicity campaigns enabled McWilliams to use pages for his purpose.

In the evening editions he used all the space that was available on the front page of every paper and placed under each other the three words *REVOLUTIONIST*, *TONIGHT*, and *HOLMAN*, set in heavy capital letters and in still larger type FANEUIL HALL. No such profligate use of advertising space had ever been seen in Boston. It established one thing for all time, that advertising of the right kind always gets results.

Many accounts of the meeting are available. Every newspaper covered the story and the screaming advertising had compelled the attendance of the Associated Press representative together with the special writers for several of the big syndicates or chains of papers. The story in the Post was as complete as any and was written in a way that conveyed the best idea to those who were not personally present.

Every paper in America carried the story on the front page the following morning. Every editorial page in America had something to say about Holman's speech. Leaving out the headlines, the Post's story,



or rather introduction to the complete story, will seek to bring the meeting before us. This is from the files of that paper.

"Never in the history of Faneuil Hall has such an enormous gathering stormed at the doors and swirled in dense masses around that edifice as last night, when Dan Holman was scheduled to speak on behalf of a new party known as the Revolutionist party.

"Early in the afternoon a fair sized crowd had gathered at the front door. By the time the stalls in the market under the Hall were closing up at five o'clock it was impossible to move in the Square in front of the Hall. Police reserves were called to handle the crowd. At six o'clock the news had spread that there was a riot at Faneuil Hall and while this was not literally true it was a riot in theory because it was impossible to handle the ever increasing mobs of people.

"At seven o'clock, when the doors were thrown open, it required the combined effort of fifty police to keep the crowd in check. The Hall was jammed to suffocation in five minutes. All attempts to get the musicians into the Hall were abandoned. They played on State Street, nearly two hundred yards away from the Hall, early in the evening.

"At eight o'clock, when Holman's automobile tried to reach the Hall through Dock Square, the crowd was so large that for nearly a quarter of a mile in every direction the streets leading to the Hall were

blocked. After fifteen minutes of worming its way through the crowd the car managed to reach the rear entrance and Holman entered the Hall accompanied by Roger Adams Morton of New York, son of John Paine Morton, and Marta Falmouth, daughter of Professor Falmouth, late of Cambridge. Morton is understood to be the business manager of the New Movement and Miss Falmouth is in charge of the Women's Branch.

"The stage was crowded with people, every apparent space being occupied. Only the assistance of the police had made it possible for reporters to get to their seats in front of the platform. But crowds are elastic and Holman forced his way to the speaker's place and Morton and Miss Falmouth finally managed to get the two seats on either side of him.

"It was evident that there was no preconcerted cheering. The record-breaking crowd indicated in every way that it was purely spontaneous. They had been attracted by the advertisements and while Holman has always been a drawing card it was evident that the vast majority of the crowd were there expecting something unusual — something of deeper import than a mere political speech.

"They were not to be disappointed. Raising his hand for silence and finally getting the crowd quiet Holman began his speech. In easy, conversational tones he outlined the reasons for the inception of a new party. He enjoys no false reputation as a pub-

lic speaker. He never was in better form that last night.

"Paying eloquent tribute to Faneuil Hall as the ideal place in which to launch any movement tending toward freedom he was soon driving home the fundamentals of his new party. The audience was at first non-committal. An unusual audience in many ways, they could neither be called friendly nor unfriendly. The reception had been cordial, but this was a tribute to Holman's own personal popularity and not to the new movement. That had to be explained. Holman laid his foundations and then began to explain in details.

"The speech covered just an hour. It was delivered without a break or lapse of any kind except as the applause toward the end punctuated every climax. As he finished in a peroration that made the walls of the Hall shake with the vibrance of his matchless voice the crowd seemed to stop breathing to catch every intonation of every syllable and as he closed in a ferment of oratory, the applause knew no bounds. It continued unabated for fifteen minutes. Only physical exhaustion brought about its cessation.

"The speech in full will be found in another column of the Post. After the speech was concluded and the applause had subsided, Holman announced that he would address an overflow meeting in Adams Square. He forced his way through the crowd, accompanied by Morton and Miss Falmouth, and went

to the Square in his car. He made a short speech from the top of the limousine. As he finished the speech, somebody in the crowd, near the machine, yelled 'Why not parade to Bunker Hill and speak?'

"The crowd began to cheer the sentiment and some volunteers rushed down to get the band. Five minutes later the parade started for Charlestown. A fair estimate of the crowd would place it around a hundred thousand.

"Holman made a new address at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument and after the address the band proceeded back, followed by most of the crowd, and jammed its way into Milk Street in front of Ben Franklin's birthplace, where Holman made the final address of the evening, paying a tribute to Franklin such as only a man like Holman can phrase. It was about 1.30 in the morning when Holman said 'good bye' to a crowd of several thousand, at his hotel in Copley Square.

"No public man ever received such applause in the history of Boston, and no such crowds ever gathered in the city. It was noticeable that every word uttered by Holman was along the lines of Americanism.

"The crowds were very orderly. It is understood that Miss Falmouth is to address the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association today. Although that body is not affiliated in any way with any party movement, they are willing to listen to representatives of all parties any time. There is no political significance attaching to her speech before them."

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY ROCKS AGAIN

Holman's speech, as delivered at Faneuil Hall, Boston, was variously considered by the American press, the succeeding days. By some it was called a "masterpiece of political utterance," by others it was characterized as "platitudinousness raised to the *n*th power," and by the ultra conservative press it was commented upon in even more uncomplimentary terms.

The fact that a bronze tablet has since been placed in the Hall by the Bay State Historical Society to commemorate the date of the speech does not in any way seem to reconcile the differing opinions of the speech itself. It does, however, serve to establish the fact that Holman's effort marked the beginning of the greatest campaign of reasoning yet waged in the onward progress of government by the people as opposed to government from any other source.

To appreciate Holman's speech one has to read into it the time, the unrest in some quarters and indolence in others, the compelling personality of the speaker, the enormous crowd that was present and, in retrospection, the dramatic events that followed. No speech is great in and of itself. It is great only

when analyzed in conjunction with events leading up to its delivery and its greatness is only permanently established by the related events that have followed it. Washington's farewell address, Lincoln's Gettysburg address, Bryan's address at the Chicago convention that first nominated him for President, Webster's speech in reply to Hayne, in fact, any effort, whether long or short, dramatically colored or couched in plain, unvarnished phrase is permanently great only as history writes greatness into it as the years roll along. A century from now, Lincoln's speech will still be the unequalled masterpiece of doctrinarian Americanism, because it associates itself with the turning point of the Civil War, the re-birth of the Union.

Holman's speech at Faneuil Hall marks the turning point of the long struggle between the American money power and the American people. To reprint the speech in full is unnecessary. Many parts of it are only of value to the students of American history. The last edition of his speeches gives the Faneuil Hall speech, with ample notations. But for the purposes of this story it is necessary to reprint about one fourth of the speech — that part directly affecting the fundamentals of the new movement.

After paying due homage to the illustrious line of immortals who had during nearly two centuries graced the platform of Faneuil Hall, touching in epigrammatic phrase on the Adamses, Otis, Webster, Kossuth,

Phillips, Sumner, Choate, Hoar, Garrison, Emerson, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe and others; he finally reached this part of his address that explained the need for a new party. In resonant tones he said:

"There comes a time in the affairs of nations, both great and small, when they must take account of stock to determine whether their liabilities are more than their assets, when a balance should be struck upon which the future conduct of the nation must be based if national bankruptcy is to be averted.

"The assets of a nation do not consist entirely of things material. Coal and iron, woodlands and wheatlands, length and breadth of territory, are assets only as they blend into that greater asset, a contented and interested people. All these natural resources, in their virgin treasure house, were here four centuries ago, but they meant little to the world.

"They had yet to be given to mankind. They were only potential assets. In the hands of an unenlightened people they would have meant no more to humanity than do the equally wonderful resources of Mexico, as they lay undeveloped at the hands of an impotent government.

"Nations either go forward or backward. There is no such thing as standing still, no marking time. For the past ten years, America has been trying to mark time — to do the impossible. Indifference to political conditions is the best indication of that.

Less men voted four years ago than voted at the presidential election eight years ago. This was in spite of the acceptance of Woman Suffrage, long delayed by thirteen reactionary states. It came at last, so grudgingly that all spontaneity was lacking. That is why the votes of the women were not more in evidence four years ago.

"For four years a spirit of political indolence seems to have come over the people. Unrest among industrial workers has only little to do with it. This unrest can always be assuaged by increased wages, but indolence cannot be so treated.

"The indolent attitude is the first sign of weakening morale among any citizenship. It is manifest in America for the first time. This don't-care spirit is one that cannot be combatted by specious argument. It can be met only by offering something to the people that will arouse their interest. America will begin to disintegrate the moment that her citizens, in sufficient numbers, lose interest in her continued growth. An uninterested democracy is a dying democracy.

"If nations since the Christian era had never made mistakes the world would still be governed by Imperial Rome. Rome fell because the Romans lost interest in Rome. They made a national mistake. So also fell Spain and Russia and Germany in world influence. They went just so far and then came the time for a decision that meant going forward or back-



ward and that decision in all three instances was wrong.

"The United States of America must make its decision, this year, whether we are to go forward or backward. If the people decide wrong, the dissolution of the United States will not be far off. Let me be specific!

"For years certain radical elements among our people have been waiting for the time when an uprising of force would be successful in the overthrow of our government. Since the Great War and the peace that followed it, we have become indifferent to force. We have assumed that force is no longer a possibility. Simply because wars between nations have been eliminated is no reason for believing that there is no longer the possibility of force from secret organizations among un-American elements within our own borders.

"I am a man of peace. I believe in the greatest force known to man, the force of intellect, the most dominant force of the universe, when exercised for the betterment of mankind. Tonight I call upon that force to help me save America from anarchy, save her from the fate of Russia in the interim days following the dethronement of the Czar and up to the time when intelligence finally succeeded chaos.

"The trouble with America today is not due to this indolence on the part of her citizens. Rather is the indolence I have described the result of political

conditions. The people are just beginning to realize that they have no choice in the election of candidates. They know that the money-powers nominate the candidates of both of the leading parties. Lack of organization and funds make the minor parties inconsequential.

"This has been the condition for three succeeding national elections. It is true also of candidates for the United States Senate and House of Representatives in over half the states. What a mockery for intelligent citizens to go to the polls on election day and vote for a man who they know is secretly committed to do whatever the money-powers want done. The fact that the citizens themselves have unwittingly brought this condition about does not make it any the less a burlesque upon government by the people.

"Always have the ones most in interest been most active in American politics. The ones most in interest today are the organized money-powers. They desire to control the government in order to continue their exploitation of the people.

"If no opposition were to be made this year the Democrats would re-nominate Bancroft, the Republicans would go through the form of a contest at their convention and finally put forward a safe old conservative and then would follow a sleepy campaign, interesting only as it tended to show how fewer voters were interested this year than four years ago in a similar situation. The outcome of the election

would make no difference in the plans of the money-powers. Either candidate would be equally acceptable.

"But the power to oppose this delegation of your rights is in your hands if you wish to oppose. The Revolutionist party will have candidates for Presidential and Vice-presidential electors on the ballot in every state in the Union. There will also be a candidate for every elective office in every district right down the list from Congressmen to the smallest state and town offices. This means an expenditure of money running into the millions and an organization equal in every way to that of the Republican and Democratic party. You have my assurance that the money essential to a legal presentation of our cause is available and that it will be used to the best advantage.

"America is in danger. The autocratic money-powers don't realize it. They are indifferent to public opinion. They have exploited America and the American people so long that they now think themselves rulers by divine right.

"In many ways they are more arrogant than was the Kaiser of Germany at the outbreak of the World War. Although misguided, he had at least a semblance of love for his people. But the American money-powers have no love for anybody except themselves and the dollars that they control. They don't even

make the pretence that was so characteristic of the Kaiser in his public addresses.

"They must be taught that no man will hereafter be considered rich except as he is rich in the love of his fellow-men. They must learn a new standard of wealth. They must learn that the treasures of the earth, whether developed or still in prospect, belong to all the people and that no man or group of men can control those treasures except as trustees for the benefit of all. They must be made to realize that no man can be permanently possessed of a fortune, that at most he is but the temporary custodian of his resources and that those to whom he wills his fortune are merely its keepers for a little while.

"I believe in large fortunes, properly regulated and used in a well-organized way to do big things. I believe in the opportunity that America offers to every man to do things for himself and for his fellows. If he is a great organizer, then his opportunity lies along the lines of organization.

"The Revolutionist party platform has yet to be written. It will be presented, discussed and adopted at the open convention of our party. It will, I firmly believe, sound the death-knell of the mis-use and selfish abuses of the power of money, not only in America but throughout the world.

"The election of the Revolutionist National ticket will bring back the political enthusiasm and interest in affairs that have built up America. It will drive

indolence out of politics and rouse the people to a new and awakened interest in their own government.

"It will turn the face of Columbia once more toward the rising sun and delegate to some future generation the problems that every nation must meet face to face and answer aright if they are to remain intact and go forward as governments. America has always met the test, because the people of this country do not believe in government by default. She shall not fail in the present crisis."

The rest of the address was a specific discussion of governmental needs and closed with a peroration that is so familiar to every school-boy that it would be an intrusion if reprinted here.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE REPUBLICAN PARTY GETS INSTRUCTIONS

Lannigan's report to his chief in New York did not serve to smooth the temper of that easily excited handler of money.

According to pre-arrangement the report was delivered orally in the private office of the President of the Universal Trust.

Lannigan finished his report and waited for the inevitable cross examination.

"How much of all this did you see personally?" asked Morton.

"I was in the Hall as Holman made his speech," replied the detective. "I assure you that I have never heard an address that was more enthusiastically received."

"Was Roger on the platform?" asked Morton.

"He was and also the young woman," answered Lannigan. "I watched them particularly."

"Why them any more than anybody else?" asked Morton, irritably.

"Well!" said Lannigan, slowly, "I dope it this way. If Holman has got Roger hypnotized then we can't break up the money connection. Further, if Holman

keeps the girl interested then she will hold Roger's interest even if Roger himself lost interest in Holman."

"Not a bad deduction," conceded Morton. "Were you able to draw conclusions from your observation?"

"I was," answered Lannigan, manifestly pleased with the approval of the other. "I decided that Holman has got them both keyed up to an enthusiasm that will not be shaken if he keeps up his speed as a speaker."

"The newspapers got away from us entirely as I understand it?" inquired Morton.

"Oh! they cleaned up absolutely in the press," said the detective. "In fact, they did such a good job that I don't see how we are ever going to keep them out of the papers, no matter what pressure we bring to bear."

"Well! you've got something to learn then," said Morton, sarcastically. "I expect to clamp down the lid very soon, in my own way."

"Now here is the program. Put one of your best men on the trail of Holman, Roger and the Falmouth woman. Keep me posted in every way on what they do and if possible get their plans. If they intend to cover the entire country they will have to divide their forces. I want them covered."

"Yes! sir," said Lannigan. "I am attending to it. The Falmouth girl is holding a meeting this afternoon and I'm having it covered."

The phone rang. Morton looked at it suspiciously.

Positive orders were not to interrupt the interview. It rang again.

"I told my office to get me here on anything very important," suggested Lannigan.

"Then it must be for you. Answer it!" said Morton.

Lannigan picked up the phone. "This is Mr. Morton's private office," he said. "Yes, this is Lannigan talking." His face took on a shade of annoyance. Finally he said, "All right, thanks," and hung up.

He turned to the head of the Universal Trust Company and said:

"From my man in Boston. He says that Governor Whitfield of Massachusetts is out in the afternoon papers with a statement that Holman is the greatest leader that America has ever produced and that he personally will be a candidate for Governor this Fall, running on the Revolutionist ticket. The women's meeting this afternoon filled Mechanics Building to the sidewalks."

"Good God," shrieked Morton, "Whitfield carried the state by 100,000, at the last election. He is the strongest man in Massachusetts. What are we up against, Lannigan?"

"If you're asking me," replied the detective, laconically, "I should say that we're up against the biggest political battle that's been staged in America since the second Wilson fight. Anything else before I go back to the office."



"No! go through on the lines we've mapped out. See me tomorrow, at four o'clock."

It was several hours later, at his home on the Avenue, that Morton talked with the Chairman of the National Republican party.

"You get the situation, Palmer?" he asked, after a lengthy discussion.

"Yes! Mr. Morton," replied the Chairman. "I have been observing the proposition for several days. I'll admit they are working fast and that they are putting lots of zip into their effort, but I feel that it is a physical impossibility to organize a new party and cover every phase of a campaign."

"Roger is a wonder at organization," said Morton.

"Even so," replied Palmer. "It isn't a question of brains or ability. It is a question of connection. Why, even in the Republican party there are thousands of small districts, where the vote is almost entirely against us where we don't maintain any organization at all. We let those districts go by default to the Democrats. They, in turn leave thousands of overwhelmingly Republican districts to us. Don't put up any fight at all. It would be a waste of energy to try to organize those districts."

"You see how hard it would be for a brand new party to organize every district in the country when even the old parties pass them up by the thousands?"

"I see," said Morton, "but I'm not banking on the weaknesses of the present organization. I have found

out, after forty years in politics, that the other man's strength is generally at the maximum and the only sure thing is to give him full credit for knowing what he's doing."

"That's my rule exactly," replied Palmer, slightly nettled, "but there are certain fundamentals of politics that never change."

"Well! the new party is going to change every fundamental," came back the President of the Universal Trust Co., "and I want you to realize it just as soon as possible. Listen here, Palmer. I have gone over the entire situation and I've read Holman's speech. I've listened to a report from the best observer in America. I'm convinced that the Revolutionist party is the most formidable movement that has ever sprung up.

"First, they are absolutely sincere — they will attract to their movement enormous numbers of the intellectuals of the country, the people who can't be bought off.

"In the second place they have unlimited money. Roger has enough to swing the entire organization and he is the most bullheaded man in America, except myself.

"In the third place they are going after the women's vote as though it were worth going after. I told you, four years ago to pay more attention to the women's vote. I'm quite convinced that the women are to

decide this election. Get busy, at once, on the women. Promise them anything, but get busy.

"I don't think I can come out openly for the Republican candidate. I will have to keep under cover as usual. I will be satisfied with either Halliday or Sherman. New York or Ohio will swing into line on the old 'favorite son' slogan and we need both of those states.

"The Democrats will re-nominate Bancroft. They can't do anything else, but the fight is to be between Holman and the Republican. By the middle of October the people will not know that Bancroft is to be on the ballot."

"Do you think it is going to be as bad as that?" asked Palmer, alarmed for the first time.

"Palmer," said Morton, earnestly, and leaning forward in his chair. "I don't want this to go any further. I've always trusted you. This is going to be the hardest battle ever fought in American politics. I doubt if force will come to the front, but this much I'm sure of, if the Republican party fails to carry the country in November, there will be no country worth talking about a year later. We have simply got to win."

"Can't Holman be trusted to give us an honest government?" asked Palmer, incredulously.

"Honest is only a relative term," said Morton. "His intention may be of the best, but he is a dreamer, an idealist, and can't be trusted to do the practical

thing. He will turn the government over to every fanatical dreamer in America — every experiment that suggests itself will be tried. Once give the people a taste of political blood and they will be like tigers that have been raised in captivity. No, Palmer, we can't take chances. Holman must be defeated and the Republican party is the party to do the job."

## CHAPTER XV

### THE PUBLICITY MAN CARRIES ON

The work of McWilliams, general publicist for the Revolutionist party, has never been equalled in a political campaign if in any kind of effort depending upon public participation. From the time when the first advertisement appeared announcing the Faneuil Hall meeting in May until the morning of election in November there was never a moment when the publicity was not one lap ahead of the actual events. McWilliams left nothing to chance. He recognized his responsibilities and assumed them in full.

Immediately on Holman's return from Boston, with Roger, they found that McWilliams had arranged for a big outdoor demonstration in Independence Square, Philadelphia, for the end of the week. Marta had remained in Boston to put over a Women's Branch meeting at Mechanics Building, the largest auditorium in the city. Although an afternoon affair it was almost as big a success as the meeting of the night before. She returned at midnight to be at the conference called for the next day.

After receiving congratulations from Holman and Roger and a brief nod from McWilliams, she entered into a discussion of the plans as prepared by the latter.

The meeting took place in the Conference room of the Women's Branch suite. McWilliams handed a list of cities and dates to Holman and Marta.

"This is the tentative schedule," he said. "I have neglected to include New York because I don't intend to break into New York until they are more anxious to welcome us than they ever were to welcome any presidential candidate.

"You see that I have taken care of June and July and only one week in August. I assume that our convention will be held a week, maybe two weeks later than the Republicans, scheduled for the first week in August in Baltimore.

"It takes you through to the coast, Mr. Holman, over the northern route and back by way of New Orleans and up the east coast, finishing in Baltimore, the night the Republicans open their convention. Your trip, Miss Falmouth, is into New England, across Northern New York, then the Middle West, and finishing at St. Louis, the night when the Democrats open their convention. I shall have three advance men ahead of both of you, arranging all the meetings, halls, bands, and advertisements.

"Immediately after our convention, we will arrange to shoot across the country in three different trains, one for Mr. Holman, one for the Vice-presidential candidate and one for Miss Falmouth. I'm engaging a train despatcher to dope out a schedule that will enable us to have all three of the trains in certain big

cities at the same date, such as Chicago, St. Louis, Atlanta, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and if possible Denver and San Francisco.

"I am planning two invasions of New York, one late in September and one the Saturday night before election in November. I have already hired the Garden for both dates."

"Do you mean to tell me that Madison Square Garden had an open date the Saturday night before election?" asked Roger.

"I do," replied McWilliams, "but it is closed now."

"It seems incredible that neither the Democratic Committee nor the Republican Committee had engaged it," suggested Holman.

"Funny thing about political campaigns and the methods of Committees. Everybody assumes that the other man is on the job all the time. This assumption isn't always correct. The only sure way to find out is to investigate."

McWilliams waited for remarks. Marta deferred to Holman. The latter looked at the schedule that he was holding in his hand.

"Well! McWilliams," he said, smiling, "you've taken a load off my shoulders. All that I have to do is keep my health, speak when I'm given the signal and go to bed on schedule time. I never thought running for President could be made so easy."

"It may be easy, but I don't envy you the job," answered McWilliams, drily.

"I shall try to keep to my schedule, also," said Marta, "but are you quite sure that there will be sufficient interest in the Women's Branch and in me, personally, to make this schedule a success?"

"Wasn't sure until yesterday afternoon," answered the publicist, "but the report from your address in Boston convinced me."

Marta's face took on a crimson hue at the compliment and when Roger and Holman both looked at her intently, she tried to cover up her embarrassment by saying, "Thank you, Mr. McWilliams," and coughing as though her throat bothered her.

Holman left for his hotel and McWilliams left for the Revolutionist printing office to give orders for the three-sheet posters with which he proposed to plaster the bill boards of the country. Roger waited to speak to Marta.

For three days this was the first time that they had been really alone. Roger drew his chair up close to Marta's.

"Isn't Holman wonderful?" he said.

"I think wonderful is the only word that expresses it. I sat entranced at the Faneuil Hall meeting," said Marta, with feeling.

"I know you did," said Roger. "Did you notice that I was looking intently at you?"

"Why, what do you mean by such a question?" asked Marta, in surprise.

"Pardon me," said Roger, smiling. "I didn't think



how it sounded. I didn't mean to have you confirm the fact that I was rude. What I meant was this: Did you pay such attention to Holman that although I looked at you very intently several times you didn't notice it?"

"I don't recall that I did anything except give my entire attention to the address," replied Marta.

"That's what I thought," said Roger. "It shows how well he talked and it also shows another thing that I have been worried about."

"What is that?" asked Marta, anxiously.

"You couldn't have noticed that a man in the centre of the hall was watching you closely, nearly all the time of Dan's speech."

Marta shook her head negatively.

"It was Lannigan, the chief of staff of the Universal's secret service. Quite a compliment to have Lannigan personally on the job. He had on a disguise that would do credit to a movie detective, but I had seen him wearing it on previous occasions, so it meant nothing to recognize him.

"I didn't intend to bring the matter up, but with this schedule to be carried out, I thought you ought to know that every move you make from now to the end of the campaign will be watched."

"You mean that I am under surveillance all the time?" asked Marta.

"Not only you, but every one of us," said Roger. "It is one of the methods of my father. I doubt if he

would attempt anything that would put you or Holman in danger, but he must of necessity delegate work of this kind to a peculiar type of men. They cannot always be depended upon to be careful."

"What would you suggest for me to do?" asked Marta. "Give up my schedule?"

"Certainly not!" replied Roger, decisively. "We are going through on every line. But I want you to be careful."

He leaned across the desk and put his hand over Marta's. Gripping it firmly, he looked into her eyes.

"I don't want anything to happen to you, Marta. Promise me you will be careful."

"I promise you, Roger, that I will be very careful," answered the head of the Women's Branch.

It was the first time that they had addressed each other by their first names. It was the first real intimation to Marta that Roger Morton was in love with her.

Suddenly he stood up.

"Work to do!" he said, enthusiastically. "May I go to lunch with you, at one o'clock?"

"You may," replied Marta, but in her tone could be heard clearly by one who understood, "I love you."

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION DISINTEGRATES

The Democratic Convention was held in St. Louis, opening on Monday afternoon, the last week in July. Supplied with unlimited money an effort was made to rouse enthusiasm for the convention.

Every aid that had usually brought the old party to a point bordering on boiling had been arranged for by the party leaders. They even went so far as to run stories in the press to the effect that Bancroft's re-nomination might be contested and that Groveland as the vice-presidential candidate was surely to be supplanted by a newer and more virile democrat.

But the old guard knew better. They knew that it was to be the regular, cut-and-dried affair of former years. They also knew what St. Louis was like in the last week of July and they were prepared for listlessness. They were not to be disappointed in their convention. It was to be Democratically regular in every sense of the term.

But that St. Louis was to be denied a political sensation was not agreed unanimously. For weeks advertisements had been appearing in the St. Louis papers reading, "Revolt, wait for July 27. Marta Falmouth will speak at Missouri Auditorium."

Marta's itinerary in the middle west had only St. Louis as its objective. Every effort on the part of the Revolutionist publicity department was made with just one object in view, to put the Revolutionists across on the opening night of the Democratic convention and to share evenly with the old party in the publicity. Behind the plan was all the brains and enthusiasm that McWilliams could muster and that Roger Morton could suggest. Marta's receptions at every point were all telegraphed to every paper in St. Louis each night. The telegraphic charges were all prepaid. McWilliams took no chances.

As the opening day drew nearer, McWilliams shifted his plans. He jumped to St. Louis for the opening night, four days in advance of the date, after wiring Holman's special train in the South to cancel regular schedule and go to St. Louis.

The advertisements in St. Louis were changed to read "Revolt — Dan Holman will speak with Marta Falmouth at Missouri Auditorium, July 27th. Public admitted free."

Rooms were engaged for Marta at the Statler and for Holman at the New Planters. McWilliams also arranged for a cordon of police to keep the crowds in check. By demanding 500 police and tendering payment for their services in advance he added to the intense interest already manifest on every hand. Crowds follow crowds.

St. Louis has seen many demonstrations, but never one that approached the Revolutionist meeting at Missouri Auditorium. Carnival Square had just been accepted by the City. Nearly a mile from the Convention Hall, where the faithful Democratic delegates were supposed to be gathering, there could be no mistaking the reason for the crowd. They were not drawn by the call of the Democracy. McWilliams had staged his performance too carefully. The vast outpouring of the people of the South Western Metropolis was in answer to the call of the Revolutionists.

When the gavel fell at the Democratic Convention at seven o'clock, only half the delegates were in their seats. At eight o'clock, after a lengthy speech of welcome by the Democratic Mayor of St. Louis there were less than one-fourth of the delegates remaining.

The Chairman started to introduce somebody, but to this day nobody knows who it was. Some delegate who wanted to be regular and yet who wanted to see what was going on at Missouri Auditorium stood up in his seat and raised a point of order.

"State it!" yelled the Chairman.

"No quorum present," shrieked back the delegate.

By the time the clerk had started to count those seated on the floor to determine the soundness of the delegate's contention the exodus from the hall had begun. There were less than fifty delegates in their seats when he had finished.

Before he could report somebody shouted, "Move

we adjourn," and without waiting for the putting of the question the remaining delegates arose and started for the door.

At Missouri Auditorium pandemonium had broken loose. Vast mobs of people surged through the Square on which the hall fronted. From the open windows of the hall could be heard the wild applause that punctuated Marta's crisp sentences as she pleaded for the women of America to swing to the party of freedom, the party that stood for liberty and righteousness. Her long trip and the speech-making had enabled her to round out every sentence in her address.

Knowing that Holman was to follow, she arranged to talk only forty-five minutes and promptly at 8.45, she closed her address amid a thunderous applause that could not be quelled for several minutes.

When Holman arose the applause in the hall was answered by echoing waves from the outside. He finally quieted down the crowd and said, "I have just learned that the Democratic Convention has adjourned because of no quorum."

Laughter and noise broke loose at this.

"All the good Democracy is over here, Dan," shouted some stentorian voiced special pleader from the balcony. The crowd waited for Holman's answer.

"We have the best part of the Republican party with us and that is the head of the elephant, the brains. We also have the best party of the Democratic party, the hind legs of the donkey, the part that

kicks. With the brains of the Republicans and the kick of the Democrats, we will go through to success in November."

After getting his audience into the right mood and telling them he would be obliged to speak outside later to the overflow audience, he went after the two big parties without gloves.

Sticking closely to the lines of his Faneuil Hall speech, he pleaded with his hearers to stand with the Revolutionist party, to wake up themselves and their neighbors, to throw off indolence and to save America.

No man, regardless of how often he had addressed audiences, could fail to be deeply moved at the reception that followed.

As Holman left the hall to take the platform outside to make an open-air address, he knew that the battle was to be between the Revolutionists and the Republican party. He knew that in the press of the country on the following morning the Democracy and its convention would be a joke in the eyes of the people.

"A good cause, a good organization and good publicity," he thought. "What a wonderful combination when working properly."

## CHAPTER XVII

### ROGER AND MARTA UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER

Although there was a spontaneous attempt to keep the Revolutionist enthusiasm alive until the early hours of the morning, Holman gracefully avoided it and was closeted in his rooms at the New Planters at one o'clock.

He was physically exhausted and in dire need of rest. For the first time in his public life he had begun to feel the strain. He closed the door of his room with a sigh of relief. The phone rang as he was taking off his hat.

"Is that you, Dan?" came from the other end, as he answered the ring.

"What there is left of me, Roger," answered Holman, "where you talking from, New York?"

"No, I'm at Statlers," answered Roger. "I came in by air, an hour ago. Couldn't resist being here and, then, I wanted to talk to you and Miss Falmouth and McWilliams regarding Baltimore. Can you come over here or will we three come over there?"

"I'll be over there as soon as I can get there," answered Holman, resignedly, reaching for his hat.

The conference didn't last long. It merely in-



volved the schedule preceding the Republican convention at Baltimore.

"I would like permission to change the plans at Baltimore," said McWilliams. "The work tonight was perfect. We have outplayed them all along the line, but I'm quite sure that the Republican convention will be an entirely different affair from this one.

"One thing that I always figure on in politics, that every time you do something for yourself you stir up the opposition.

"Tonight we have apparently eliminated the Democratic party as a factor. Our demonstration and their lack of one will make them look cheap in the morning papers all over the country. Even the Associated Press story has a slam at them.

"That doesn't mean that we are to have everything our own way at Baltimore. It simply means that the opposition has thrown over the Democrats and is going to concentrate on the Republicans. It means a harder job for us because there are millions of so-called conservative Democrats who will jump to the Republican candidate. The opposition is beginning to solidify for the first time.

"Some real politician has taken hold and from now we will have to fight harder than ever."

"I guess the Governor has put the Democracy on the toboggan if your surmise of conditions is correct," suggested Roger.

"I'm certain of my analysis," continued McWilliams," and that is why I want to change tactics at Baltimore. They will open their convention with a rush. All that we could get if we tried to compete with them on their opening night would be an even break. That would mean a very weak story in the papers. We would be heralded everywhere as having fizzled.

"So my proposition is to let them have everything they can get out of their opening night. When it fails of comparison with some counter-attraction it will not look nearly so enthusiastic. In fact, an attempt on our part to compete would serve to furnish enthusiasm to their delegates.

"By letting them play out their entire string on the first two days we will come into the city fresh and kill off the wild acclaim that they think will follow the nomination of Halliday or Sherman. One of them is sure to be chosen.

"I've already extended my option on the hall and continued my contract with the bands and all the necessary organizations. This has been done so that no intimation of our change will be known until it is too late to shift their arrangements."

"What you want of me?" asked Holman, sleepily.

"Want you to concur," said McWilliams.

"Well let me say this now," said Holman, "and it goes for the rest of this campaign. I leave all strategy all plans, all schedules to somebody else. I don't care

if you put me into the movies, or send me over the vaudeville circuit or to London to make speeches. Do anything you want, but please don't keep me awake after one o'clock in the morning until the day after election. Good night!"

The smile on his face showed that Holman was still in good humor but the weariness in his voice showed that it was no joke about his being tired.

After Holman had gone, Roger turned to Marta and McWilliams and said:

"Tell me honestly, are either of you doing more work than you can stand?"

"Mr. Morton," said McWilliams, "if you knew publicity the way I do you would never ask such a question.

"It is an obsession with me. In fact, publicity is a mental disease. It grows upon a man. He eats, sleeps and drinks it. No drug fiend is half so addicted to his drug as is a publicist to his profession.

"I've been in the game for thirty years, and this is the first time I ever was given carte blanche in a political campaign. There has always been some restraint, somebody who wanted to stand strong at headquarters who insisted on changing things. Invariably these changes were silly and merely served to nettle me personally or change the coherence of the general plans so that everybody was more or less upset.

"I only hope that no such meddling will take place

in our organization as we begin to grow in popularity. These meddlers never show up when things look doubtful or a cause is likely to prove unpopular. They only get busy when a cause is on the popular wave or when success seems imminent."

Roger leaned forward and put his hand on McWilliams' shoulder.

"McWilliams," he said. "I have learned a lot about publicity since May. I have never seen you at a loss. The Revolutionist party depends upon you to keep its name prominently and favorably in the public mind. You will go through to the finish without hindrance from anybody."

Turning to Marta, he said, "Will you and Mr. McWilliams join me in a little bite in the dining room?"

McWilliams asked to be excused and Marta and Roger had a light supper, down stairs.

Although they had seen each other quite frequently during the two summer months the grinding schedule of Marta's organization and speech-making trip and the need for Roger to organize every state in the Union for the purpose of having delegates ready for the Revolutionist Convention had made their relations so business-like that anything even approaching sentiment had been lacking.

After ordering their supper, Roger leaned forward:

"You are quite tired, Marta," he said.

"Only a little bit," answered Marta.

"I came out here to see you and for no other pur-

pose," said Roger. "I don't know whether we are being watched or not. We probably are, but I want you to tell me one thing before I leave tonight for New York."

"Yes?" she said, encouragingly.

"Do you love me well enough to marry me even if this campaign should fail?" he asked, tensely.

"I'm glad you asked me, Roger," said Marta, simply. "I love you. There are no qualifications on it. I shall marry you the day after election whether Holman wins or not."

"You have made me very happy, my dear," said the young millionaire.

"I am happy beyond words," said Marta.

Thus was plighted the troth of Roger Adams Morton and Marta Falmouth. If there was the element of romance lacking in it, at least there was an element of frankness and directness about it that lifted it out of the commonplace.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### MORTON SENIOR IS PLEASED

That McWilliams' diagnosis of the political situation, in-so-far as it was to be developed at Baltimore, was fairly accurate, was manifested early on Monday.

It was in the Monday morning papers that the Republican National Committee received its first intimation of any shift of plans on the part of the Revolutionists. Carrying page advertisements on Sunday in all the Baltimore papers to the effect that there was to be a mass meeting in Maryland Hall at which Dan Holman and Marta Falmouth would speak, McWilliams had forced the Republicans to go ahead with their plans for a counter demonstration at their Convention Hall.

At midnight, McWilliams gave page advertisements for Monday morning announcing that "the Revolutionist meeting, scheduled for this evening has been postponed." That was all. Nothing was said about a new date. No explanation was given. So far as the Revolutionists were concerned the statement could allow any speculation whatever. This was just the object that McWilliams had in mind — to create comment regardless of whether it was reasonable or not.

Even McWilliams' vivid imagination didn't go so far as to expect that John Paine Morton would personally respond to meet the condition created, but such was the case.

The Chairman of the Republican National Committee, after vainly trying to reason things out satisfactorily, couldn't stand the strain. He could meet things that were, but to see a movement against which he had been making plans for a week suddenly disappear was something beyond his skill. He couldn't fight things that were not. So he long-distanced the chief. There was nothing else for him to do.

"Hello! Mr. Morton," he said, after getting his connection, "this is Palmer, at Baltimore. The Revolutionist outfit have postponed their meeting for tonight. All the papers carrying a page announcement."

"Got the Baltimore morning papers all in front of me," came back Morton, crisply. "Not a word about postponement. Full page ad on the meeting."

"You've got only the early train edition. The page was shifted after midnight," answered Palmer. "I don't know what their sudden change of plans means but you've got to come on and help me straighten things out."

"Leave here at noon," said Morton, sharply. "Holman, the girl and Roger were all in good health

at midnight. Special report from all three. Understood that they were all headed for Baltimore."

"That's where they fooled all of us," replied Palmer. "Any suggestion before you get here?"

"Go through according to schedule," shouted Morton. "Just because the Revolutionists quit cold in their advertised plans is no reason why the Republican party will not keep faith with the public. Tell the presiding officer to weave that thought into his speech. Hire all the Union bands there are in Baltimore and Washington. Give 'em Hell! I'll see you at the Roosevelt House as soon as I can reach it."

McWilliams learned of the elder Morton's arrival within three minutes after that distinguished financier had reached Baltimore. The information came to his room in the American House by phone from a friendly New York newspaper man who was covering the station for his paper.

He turned to Roger, who was with him going over the plans for the postponed meeting.

"Your father's in town, Mr. Morton," he said, smiling.

"Great work, McWilliams!" said Roger, enthusiastically. "It takes these strategic retreats to bring 'em to their feet. The Governor has never attended a national convention in his life before."

"Your father has never been in a real fight, before,"



said McWilliams, and then they returned to their plans.

It must be admitted that the Republican demonstration on the opening night of the party's 22nd quadrennial convention was well conducted. All that flags and cheering sections and bands of music and banners, and oratory that put Lincoln and Roosevelt and McKinley and Garfield and Grant on newer and higher pedestals than they had ever yet occupied, could do, was done and done well. Not a punctuation mark was missing. Not a trick was left in the bag that makes conventions successful.

Goaded to their utmost and knowing that the wealth of the world as centered in one personality was watching from the side door of the platform, the wheel-horses of the old party pulled and tugged and sweated mentally and physically to do a fitting job. Morton's unstinted praise, given to a select coterie of the leaders in the early morning hours, fell on willing ears. The old party was once again going to save the Nation as it had saved it in '65 and in '98 and on numerous other occasions. No mention was made of the salvation of the Nation in 1918, under Wilson, but that was only a minor trouble, so why talk about it?

Tuesday's press was filled with the news of the Republican convention. The papers, having nothing else to talk about, gave out interviews in which the Revolutionists were referred to as "the has beens." Several stories turned around the thought that the

barrel had run dry or that there had been a fight between Holman and Roger Morton. One paper declared emphatically that it had been only a family quarrel anyhow and that Roger and his father were now reconciled and that there would be no more Revolutionist party. The dope ran in a steady stream all day Tuesday.

The work of the Republican convention was rushed along. Without a dissenting voice a conservative, safe platform was adopted. It was conservative in the sense that it conserved the energy of anybody who might take the trouble to read it. It was safe in the sense that it committed the party to no action whatever on anything at any time. It eulogized everything from the sermon on the Mount to Gray's Elegy and touched lightly on the Magna Charta. It was called by the Republican leader, who read it in sonorous tones to the delegates, "A document that will live in history as the finest achievement of any deliberative body ever assembled in the name of human liberty."

Morton, Senior, was so pleased with himself that he left for New York on Tuesday afternoon. His parting words to the Republican National Chairman were, "Never lower the flag, Palmer! It takes brains and experience to win political battles. We have put these Revolutionists where they belong. Now go back and finish your convention."

But the Chairman, after saying "Good bye," shook

his head as if he was in doubt. He tossed all night long in his bed and waited anxiously for the arrival of the morning papers at his rooms. He had been in campaigns before and he was not without some political sense.

But versed as he was in political battles and acquainted with surprises, he had never been jolted so severely before as he was when the Wednesday morning papers finally reached him.

## CHAPTER XIX

### CAME A SURPRISE TO BALTIMORE

The surprise that came to Palmer, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, as he scanned the Baltimore morning papers was shared to a more or less degree by others of political influence in other places as well as in Baltimore.

McWilliams had not confined his efforts to Baltimore. In addition to front page space used lavishly in all the local papers, morning and evening editions, he had gone his usual full page limit on the best available inside pages. To awaken still further interest and insure a big news story in all the evening papers, he had gone into all the New York, Philadelphia and Washington morning papers, knowing that the appearance of the advertisements in the outside press would bring sufficient pressure to bear upon the Baltimore editors to compel a story. His expectation of probable results was more than borne out by the actual results.

The meeting of the Revolutionists, simply by reason of the postponement, the discussion following it and the revival took on a significance that it could never have assumed had the first schedule been adhered to.

The announcement, couched in direct phrase and printed in plain gothic type with liberal white space around it, stated that the Revolutionist meeting, postponed from Monday night, would be held Wednesday.

To this plain statement, as an explanation, in the outside papers, was carried the heading, "In order that the public may be correctly informed."

By this expedient McWilliams was not only calling attention to the meeting itself and getting so much added assurance of local interest, but he was giving notice to every editor in New York, Philadelphia and Washington that the readers of his paper would look for an account of the meeting in the Thursday morning issue. There are several ways of getting news into the papers. McWilliams adopted the surest way.

Under the circumstances it is not strange that the nomination of Halliday, New York's favorite Republican Son, for the Presidency of the United States on the third ballot was superseded in political interest in the news columns of the American press by the account of the Revolutionist meeting.

Holman and Marta Falmouth were the only speakers, but Ex-Governor Kendrick of Maryland, a liberal Republican, had called on Holman at his hotel late in the afternoon and literally demanded that he be allowed to preside. McWilliams and Roger were both present at the interview. Coming into the big

reception room of Holman's suite, the Ex-Governor made a profound impression upon the trio.

Merely nodding to Roger and McWilliams, he grasped Holman by the hand and shook it warmly.

"You haven't changed a bit since we met at Denver in the campaign of '32," he said. "We were on opposite sides at that time, Holman, or at least we thought so. I guess we were both on the same side and didn't know it. Tonight I would like to stand with you and let everybody know it."

"Only two speakers scheduled, Governor," replied Holman, "and besides, you don't know what the Revolutionist movement really means yet."

"Thatso?" answered the Ex-Governor, sarcastically. "What you been handing us about it, a lot of bunk?"

"Certainly not," answered Holman, smiling good naturedly, "I didn't mean that the movement hadn't fairly crystallized. What I wanted to convey was that we have held no convention, drafted no platform and that we have asked no so-called public men to join our movement. I know the risk I'm assuming personally, so do all those who are responsible for the movement to date.

"But a man of your standing may not agree on everything we intend to promulgate. I will not ask you to take chances with your future, maybe your life, until after the issues are absolutely drawn and you know just what they are."

The Ex-Governor had listened, with a smile on his

face. As Holman finished his visitor looked him squarely in the eye. The smile had gone. A look of determination had supplanted it.

"Holman," said the Ex-Governor, "you may not know it, but I am an Ex-Governor of this State and outside of the Senate of the United States simply because I did my own thinking and assumed to govern my own rule of conduct. You are on the right track. I want to help you in every way. All the people of Maryland are not sure whether I am honest or not. Some of them think I am a coward. Political stories — viciously spread — are hard to offset.

"If I preside at your meeting tonight, I will not say fifty words, but I will prove to the people of this State that I am honest and that I am not a coward. You've got to do this, Holman. You've simply got to do this."

So at eight o'clock that evening, as the band of 250 pieces played the Star Spangled Banner and the sweltering thousands of Baltimoreans who had been waiting patiently for the signal ever since four o'clock, stood in the vast hall where the Revolutionist meeting took place they were not only surprised but pleased to see the handsome Ex-Governor of their state walk to the front of the platform through a crowd that took up every inch of space in the rear of the few seats reserved at the very front.

Marta's address was magnetic, as usual. Her enforced rest of two days had done wonders for her voice. Several new points were added to her appeal to the

women. One point that brought forth unstinted applause and laughter was made at the expense of Halliday.

"The Republican party, assembled in convention in Baltimore, today," she said, "reiterates its confidence in the women of the country. It points with pride to the fact that a Republican Congress passed the Susan B. Anthony amendment. This is true, but it is also true that a group of re-actionary Republican senators in the preceding Democratic Congress had killed the amendment so that the Republican party might pass it, when they came into power. They wanted to annex the Suffrage movement.

"It was killed between election day and the convening of the new Congress. And Senator Halliday's vote killed it. His vote would have passed it. This was twenty-one years ago, my friends, and the Senator, today, received the nomination for President on the Republican ticket and wants the women of the country to vote for him.

"The women of America are thinking women. They trust only their friends. Any public man who voted against woman suffrage until it became an established fact in spite of him is not entitled to the vote of any woman. He has forfeited the vote of women forever."

This little bit of personal history of Senator Halliday long forgotten, was one of the leading features of the newspaper story of the meeting.



Holman also had picked up a great deal, both physically and mentally, in his three-days lay-off. In voice and magnetism he was once more at his best. He played on the heart strings of his audience as no other public speaker in America was capable.

The indoor meeting was followed by several outdoor meetings addressed from temporary platforms. Both Holman and Marta spoke, Roger being in constant and anxious attendance upon the latter. He was accompanied by two armed guards in citizen's clothes, in addition to the necessary number of policemen to get through the crowd.

It was within a few minutes of midnight when Holman said "good night" to a big crowd, leaving thousands of disappointed men and women still waiting around the Square from the hall.

By pre-arrangement, Holman was to meet McWilliams and Roger at one o'clock for a conference on the plans for the Revolutionist convention at Chicago, the second Monday following. A waiting limousine took Roger and Marta to her hotel. Although tired she was happy at the overwhelming success of the meeting.

"I was thinking very seriously tonight, as I noticed the crowd responding to Holman's wonderful address," she said.

"Along what lines, my dear?" asked Roger.

"I wondered what manner of man it must be who could see the people implicitly trusting him and yet

deliberately betray that trust at the very first opportunity."

"I have often thought the same thing," said Roger. "I presume politics and temporary power in public office dull a man's sense of right and wrong. Many men of strict personal honesty are without any principles at all when handling public matters."

"Holman is wonderful, isn't he?" mused Marta.

"The most wonderful character of this generation," affirmed Roger, without the slightest tinge of jealousy in his voice, "but I know somebody else who was wonderful, tonight."

Marta remained silent.

"It was you, my dear," persisted Roger, "I think everything you said was nothing short of marvelous."

"I'm so glad you liked it."

"You looked wonderful, too," said Roger, tenderly. "I likened you to Joan of Arc. You seemed actually inspired."

"I almost feel that way at times," said Marta, in reverent tone. "Don't you think that great public movements and the participation in them is conducive to something bordering on inspiration?"

"Certainly," replied Roger, "especially if one feels deeply and is putting every effort into the work."

"Nobody works any harder than yourself, Roger."

"Oh! I'm only a little cog in the machine. Holman and McWilliams and you do a great deal more than I do." Then suddenly without the slightest introduc-

tion or leading up to his intention, he said: "Marta, may I kiss you?"

His face was close enough so that he could see the slight nod of her head. The lights in the car were out. And Marta Falmouth, for the first time in her life, felt the strong arms of a man other than her father close around her and gave her lips to the man she loved.

Why a young woman who was tearing the Republican party's new candidate to shreds before an audience of thousands at eight-thirty should be wiping tears from her eyes four hours later because a man had kissed her is something that passes the understanding of the recounter of this story.



*“Marta, may I kiss you?”*



## CHAPTER XX

### A PLOT NIPPED BY A FROST

The night before the Revolutionist Convention at Chicago demonstrated the thoroughness of the organization that Roger Adams Morton was capable of building.

Every delegate who knew how to read and had sense enough to buy a Chicago paper was able to see, at a glance, just where he was to sit at the Auditorium. He was also informed regarding everything else necessary to a delegate's duties at the convention, where he was to present his credentials, the kind of identification to be issued him and the schedule of proceedings so far as it was possible to schedule them in advance.

Morton and McWilliams not only wanted the convention to run smoothly but they were anxious to let the country at large know that the Revolutionist party recognized the value of intelligent organization.

"America is the greatest business country on earth because Americans are the best organizers," was the way Roger expressed it to McWilliams, and the publicist saw to it that the outward evidences of good organization would be of value to the movement.

Although the chosen delegates from all over the United States were card-indexed to the very last man in all the single districts and the delegates at large also and their alternates were not only indexed but their photographs and a brief sketch of their previous political activities were made part of the card system, the fact that the delegates were chosen by the securing of signatures because the time for balloting had passed in all the states before the party was conceived, made it possible for trouble to arise on contesting delegations. Roger was prepared for it.

Early on the night before, the first case was called to Roger's attention at his headquarters in the LaSalle. A clerk from the certifier's office at the Auditorium came to the rooms, with four negroes.

"Mr. Morton," he explained, "these men claim to be the regular delegates from the eighth and twelfth districts in Alabama. We have already certified the delegates from those two districts. They now say they will take their case to the floor of the convention."

"Did you come direct from Alabama to Chicago?" asked Roger.

"No, sir," said the spokesman. "We came from Baltimore."

"Oh! you attended the Republican Convention there," suggested Roger.

"Yussir," answered the other. "We were delegates there. Nobody argued with us at all about going right into the convention."

"I see," said Roger, smiling. "You, of course, received your pay and instructions before coming to Chicago?"

"Suttinly," affirmed the leader. "We received our expenses and we was told to go right on to the floor and demand our rights as delegates."

"Well, gentlemen," said Roger, "there are certain considerations due you. If you will wait a few minutes, I'll see that our publicity man gives you all the help he can. Won't you be seated?"

The quartet waited while Roger got word to McWilliams.

"I'm not sure of these publicity stunts, McWilliams," explained Roger, when the publicist came in answer to his hurried phone, "but it occurred to me that there might be something here that we could turn to our advantage."

The conversation took place out of hearing of the quartet. McWilliams winked at Roger.

"Leave it to a crooked politician to ball things up," he said, smiling. "I was wondering just how we would be able to meet contesting delegates. Not having been duly elected, for the simple reason that the party hasn't been legally in existence, we have gone to the expedient of having every delegate secure the names of a certain number of legal voters. This creates only a moral standing, a matter of honor in every case."

"Certainly, we've gone all through that," said



Roger. "Our electors go on the ballot on nomination papers, with the word 'Revolutionist' appended to designate the party. Every candidate running will be fully instructed as well as our presidential electors. That's all in the future. But how about the contests in the convention?"

"I was waiting for the first case," answered McWilliams, "just to see how they would start making trouble. I'm surprised that their work could be so crude. We will not only stop any contests, but we will make Republican Chairman Palmer a joke in tomorrow's papers."

McWilliams was then presented to the four gentlemen from Alabama. He evidenced deep solicitude for their predicament and asked if they would be so kind as to sit for their photographs and give a sworn statement to the Committee explaining who gave them their instructions and paid them to come to Chicago.

"Suttinly," agreed the spokesman. "Mr. Palmer personally gave us our instructions and there are forty more delegates from Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina who will be here tonight to swear the same thing."

Tenderly and with a care that only long experience was able to disguise into an apparent routine of conventions, McWilliams rushed his guests before the camera, giving instructions to have a couple dozen extra pictures of each of the sitters ready for personal use the next afternoon, and by pre-arrangement with

an assistant took them before a prominent Superior Court Justice, who swore each man to a signed statement already prepared.

The judge was a republican and at first wanted to dodge the duty. Only after McWilliams told him privately that his duty as a notary was clearly defined and that his name would be included in the story as unwilling to do his duty, did he finally consent.

"I'll get into all sorts of trouble over this thing," he said, pettishly. "But I don't see how I can refuse to act when you insist."

"Don't blame anybody but Palmer," said McWilliams, smiling. "This is one of the most stupid things I've ever seen. It is so raw that I figure he thought we wouldn't think him guilty of it."

So the men from Alabama were duly sworn and each one signed an affidavit to the effect that Chairman Palmer of the Republican National Committee had paid their expenses to Chicago to demand places as delegates to the Revolutionist Convention and to contest for the seats, that they had as much right as anybody to the seats and that if they were denied their rights, to tell the newspapers that they had been imposed upon by the Revolutionist party. Judge Aiken, of the Superior Court, signed his name as Notary for all four statements.

McWilliams then turned his attention to a page advertisement, reproducing the statements in facsimile and pictures of the four Alabamans and a half

tone picture of Judge Aiken. Taken altogether, type, substance and illustrations, it was a very effective political advertisement. It ran in all Chicago papers on the morning of the convention. There were no further contested seats at the Revolutionist Convention.

Another little event, of no special significance when viewed by itself, but of deep meaning when coupled with the entire political situation, took place at the Union Station at nine o'clock in the evening.

The special train from New York was reported three hours late. Roger had arranged to meet the train, personally, as the New York delegates were booming Lt. Gov. Braley for Vice-President.

Excusing himself from a conference with the platform committee, Roger left for the station at 8.45 to walk up to their hotel with the New York delegates. As he joined a group of people who were also waiting the arrival of the special, he thought he detected a familiar back in front of him. The owner of the back was circulating among the group speaking in a low tone to several of them.

Roger watched the manoeuvring for a few minutes and then sidled forward until he could get a good look at the active one. A glance at the face of the other told all he wanted to know.

Stepping forward he slapped the busy man heartily on the back, and as the slapped man turned Roger extended his hand and said: "Why! if it isn't Lan-

nigan, himself. Why the movie moustache? Everybody expected you."

"What you driving at, Mister?" asked the other.

"Cut out your foolishness, Lannigan," said Roger, curtly. "This is a man's game. All your stupid disguises and this crowd of assistants is old time stuff. It went out of style twenty years ago."

"Well!" came back Lannigan, angrily. "I don't see any medals on the stuff you and Holman are peddling. All the same old Barnum & Bailey story to me. You need watching. I'm here to watch you. Any objections?"

"None whatever, if that's all you and this gang of pirates are up to," replied Roger, pleasantly. "Come to the convention as my guest if you want. Sit in with our platform committee if it pleases you, but for the sake of Sherlock Holmes' reputation and that of Nick Carter, cut out the mysterious rough stuff. It nauseates grown people who are engaged in serious matters."

"You go to Hell!" said Lannigan, hotly, his face flushed with anger.

"It would be a relief from your presence, you cheap spy," returned Roger, sarcastically, turning and walking away.

Into the eyes of Lannigan there came a look that had nothing of pleasantness. He clenched his hands, gritted his teeth and then renewed his activity among the group of men who seemed to be waiting with a definite purpose in view.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE REVOLUTIONIST CONVENTION

The first Revolutionist Convention at Chicago was called to order at 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, August 11, 1940, in the Auditorium.

After prayer by the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chicago, the roll-call was taken by states, the chairman of each state delegation announcing the number of delegates to which his state was entitled and then the number present.

With the exception of New York and Florida, every state was represented by a full quota of delegates, some, of course, being alternates. It was moved and voted that the New York and Florida delegations be filled by alternates from other states after these alternates were duly sworn to do their duty.

The temporary chairman then called for nomination for permanent Chairman and Governor Hale of Missouri, head of his delegation, was made permanent Chairman, without a contest. His speech of fifteen minutes was well received. Secretaries and other officers for the convention were chosen by the Chairman and the order proceeded. Contrary to regular conventional custom, the platform of the new party was the first business to be taken up.

"Established parties," said the Chairman, in explanation, "are committed to certain well-known principles, at least they are well known to the men who finance those parties. Often the people have only a hazy conception of the principles of either of the two so-called leading parties of today.

"For years the Republican party was committed to what it called a 'protective tariff.' Bitter were the debates on that supposedly vital question. We haven't heard it mentioned for over a quarter of a century.

"For two campaigns the Republicans fought the Democrats on the currency issue of bi-metallism. 'One standard, the gold standard' was the slogan of the Republican orators. Mr. Bryan's plea for a bi-metallic standard on a parity of 16 ounces of silver for one of gold and the free and unlimited coinage of silver on that basis was heralded as a scheme to cheat the Government, the repudiation of our honest National debts and labelled with other equally discreditable terms. Many vehement spell-binders called Bryan a traitor.

"The fact that silver was worth only 52 cents per ounce in the open market at the time was the main argument used. Without any governmental action silver has now appreciated until it is worth \$1.35 per ounce in the open markets, a parity with gold of about 15 to 1. It has often touched \$1.50 an ounce. Not

properly exercised and interpreted, to all who live under its protection the greatest of liberties and the least of restraints.

We deplore the base uses to which the enormous private fortunes of America have recently been put in deliberate attempts to make the Constitution un-operative and pledge our duly-elected officials to remedying this evil.

We believe in the Government ownership of all public utilities — specifically including all means of transportation, all means of communication by wire or by wireless, all cold-storage plants, all stock yards, in fact, all means whereby food and clothing may be better distributed and all business and social relationships may be better facilitated.

We pledge ourselves to the enactment of a National law that will insure a regular weekly income to every man and woman reaching the age of 60 years, which income will be sufficient on which to live, without privation. This law will also include any man or woman of any age physically disabled from performing work.

We pledge ourselves to an unlimited development of all national resources — specifically including the exploitation of all forest reserves, all water ways, the dredging of lakes and rivers, the stocking of wild lands with game, the stocking of all rivers and lakes with fish, the cleaning of swamp lands, the irrigation and development of all so-called waste or desert lands,

the exploitation of all oil lands and mines, the opening up of all lands to the people.

We pledge the compulsory attendance of every healthy child over 6 years of age and up to 16 years at a public school or a private school, if said private school conforms to public standards.

We advocate a National highway system that will enable all vehicles to reach their destination with increasing facility.

We advocate a law that will guarantee the principal of every bank deposit, no matter what the nature of the deposit, or the kind of bank. The public is entitled to fullest protection in placing money on deposit.

We advocate an examination by Federal experts of every stock and bond offering made to the public — regardless of the amount or nature of security offered. No offerings of stocks or bonds should be made except with an expert governmental report attached. If a stock is wholly speculative it should be sold only with knowledge of its character.

We advocate the complete abolition of all purchases or sales of stock on margin account on any exchange. Such transactions are gambling and are of no value in the development of legitimate businesses.

We stand for Medical Liberty, absolute and entire. We deny the right of any government to compel submission to medical dogmas or superstitions, surgical operations or disease inoculations.



We affirm the right of the individual to the security of his person and the liberty of his conscience.

We advocate a National experimenting station to exploit all patents granted by the United States, so that all inventions of value may be made available at the earliest moment and that all worthless inventions may be discarded as soon as possible.

We advocate the immediate taking over by the Government of all life, fire, health, accident and all other kinds of insurance businesses, so that costs of insurance may be reduced to a minimum and that no possible losses to beneficiaries may result through failure of private insurance companies.

We recommend a law that will compel every publication of every kind to sell space in the publication at published rates to any political party, political cause or candidate for public office to the end that publicity shall not be denied any cause because of editorial prejudice.

We advocate the election of President by direct vote of the people, regardless of states, and the abolition of the cumbersome and worn-out electoral college that permits concentration of money in so-called doubtful states.

We advocate the initiative and referendum — nationally and in the states — to the utmost of their possibilities as governmental functions.

We favor the election of judges by the people and

the recall of judicial decisions in cases involving the public as a whole or in part.

We advocate the addition of a Secretary of Publicity and a Secretary of Distribution to the President's Cabinet and in due time of a Secretary of Insurance.

We recommend that the offices of Secretary of the Navy and Secretary of War be abolished as out of keeping with the spirit of the times and that the duties of these offices be taken over by a new Cabinet office to be in charge of a Secretary of Peace.

After a whirlwind of applause the convention adjourned until the following day.

The fact that Dan Holman of Kansas was nominated by acclamation and without an opposing vote early after the opening of the convention on the following day doesn't mean that the convention was a cut-and-dried affair. Nobody had shown up to contest with Holman. He stood forth as the natural leader of the movement. His nomination went through with an enthusiasm that seemed to be without limit.

The interest in the second place on the ticket developed early. Hargraves of New York lead on the first ballot, with 816 votes, being closely trailed by Merryfield of California with 720 votes. Merryfield had the solid West with him. Others were scattered.

It was evident that with Holman of Kansas to head the ticket, good judgment would demand an Easterner to balance the ticket. A woman delegate

from Pennsylvania set the crowd laughing when she arose and said:

"I am a Revolutionist. I believe in idealism. But idealism that can't win isn't worth anything in this very practical world. An unsuccessful Revolutionist is only a traitor. A successful Revolutionist is a patriot. I want to be a patriot and that means that I must be with a party that succeeds. We can't win with Merryfield. We can win with Hargraves. He doesn't need any other endorsement than that."

Hargraves was nominated on the fifth ballot and Merryfield was the first man to congratulate him and pledge him the vote of California on election day. There was no evidence of the slightest lack of harmony.

In response to a call from the Chairman, Holman took the platform at 3.30 in the afternoon and made his speech of acceptance a plea for success. He never had faced a more friendly audience. He never had been in better form. It was two hours later that he finished his address and it was not until seven o'clock that the ovation had ended. A few of the epigrams that were interspersed throughout the speech were these:

"All multi-millionaires appease their consciences when misusing their wealth by saying that the people are too ignorant to handle money, and they all seem to forget the fact that every dollar they possess was gotten from the people."

"When the nations of the world stopped building

battleships and raising armies the mothers of men sent up a prayer of thankfulness to God such as was never heard in Heaven before."

"No man can get any more happiness out of the world than he puts into it. The Revolutionist party will make every millionaire happy by giving him a better opportunity to make the world happier."

"Every time I hear of the birth of a baby and that mother and child are doing well, I am convinced that nature gave women a much better constitution than our forefathers gave them."

"If the liquor business of twenty years ago was all that its defenders of that time claimed for it, doesn't it seem strange that so few monuments have been erected by a loving people to the memory of saloon keepers?"

"The Constitution guarantees 'the pursuit of happiness' as an unalienable right. Unfortunately the way over which the pursuit must take place has been blocked. We propose to clear the road and make it a free-for-all."

"After all, Death is the greatest democrat. They all look alike to him."

"If the people are capable enough to operate and pay the bills of the greatest government on earth they surely can be trusted to operate a few railroads and a few ship yards."

"All men may be created equal under the Constitution but the equality doesn't last long under our

present methods of government by subsidized officials."

"The man who said that 'health is wealth' may have been sick abed but he knew what he was talking about. The Revolutionist party believes that no nation can be wealthy that isn't healthy. We propose to see that the Constitution once more functions properly as it was intended that it should."

"The greatest menace in the world is ignorance. The Revolutionist party will compel every child in America to attend school so that ignorance be abolished."

"Love begets love. The best way to get a man to love his country is by showing him that his country loves him and will never let him suffer in body or in mind while he obeys the laws of the land."

It may sound like a hackneyed expression, but if ever a speaker sounded the keynote of a campaign, Dan Holman did in his speech of acceptance.

At regular rates the speech in full appeared in every big daily in the United States — spread over two pages — on the following day. McWilliams was a very busy man. The Revolutionist convention passed into history at eight o'clock in the evening of its second day. It had formally launched the new party, adopted its platform, chosen its standard bearers and sent its challenge into the farthest corners of the country.

The battle for the Presidency of the United States of America had started, officially.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE INDEPENDENT JOINS THE REVOLT

With the Revolutionist party launched officially as a National organization, the work at General Headquarters and the Women's Branch increased to enormous proportions.

Roger's plans on expansion were rushed through all over the country in spite of the intense August heat. Every state in the Union had its full complement of state, county, city, town and ward organizations. A woman's committee was appointed and put in charge of a separate headquarters in every possible political subdivision.

Speakers' schedules were arranged and potential candidates for every office to be voted upon in the country were lined up. Nothing was left to chance. Enthusiasm was discounted. The only thing that was considered was completeness of organization.

At the highest point of their efficiency neither the Republican party nor the Democratic party had ever approached in completeness the skeleton organization that was to carry on the practical work of the new party.

Roger was working anywhere from ten to twenty hours a day. He had induced Holman to take the

last three weeks of August for a rest at his home in Kansas.

"Don't do a thing, Dan, until we send for you," he told the candidate for President. "Don't touch a pen to paper. Don't talk politics. Just sit around the house, play with the kids, ride in the automobile, eat sparingly and be ready for work when we let you know."

"Hate to waste a minute if I can help it, Roger," said Holman. "I could make a lot of speeches at the big shore resorts up to Labor Day, and be taking a rest at the same time."

"Well! you're not going to do so," insisted the National Chairman. "For three weeks, we are going to organize and we don't want our work broken up by candidates and mid-summer speeches."

Roger and Marta were both at the Grand Central the day that Holman left. It was to be a quiet leave-taking, but some enthusiast recognized Dan as he was getting out of his car and started a little reception. By the time Holman had reached the gate where he expected to see Roger and Marta for a brief word and a hand-shake there was a mob of commuters all trying to reach him. Roger and Marta were compelled to enter the train-shed by another gate and wait for Dan to force his way by the ticket inspector.

As the smiling candidate finally managed to worm his way through the crowd and into the clear space he remarked to Roger:

"No rest for any of us till election day, Roger."

"Why, Dan, I'm surprised at you. Our real work doesn't start till after your victory on Election Day. All this is preliminary."

"I'm beginning to share in your optimism, Roger," said Holman. "How about you, Miss Falmouth?"

"I think Mr. Morton is one of the most able men in the country," said Marta, looking up at Roger, admiringly. "I only wish the people understood how much the movement owes to him."

"Maybe we can arrange to let them know, some time," said Holman, smiling significantly.

As he bade "good bye," he turned to Marta and said, pointing at Roger:

"Don't let this young machine wear itself out. We need to keep him in perfect running order."

"I'll look after him," smiled Marta, and Holman thought he detected a slight tinge of color flash into the face of the National Chairman of the Revolutionist party.

\* \* \* \* \*

While Roger made no effort to get newspaper space regarding party activities there were certain little things that deserved mention and these were given to the proper sources, treating all newspapers alike. Early in September, McWilliams returned from a hurried trip to Chicago, where he was planning to start the great triangular tours of the country—featuring Holman on one tour, Hargraves, the Vice-



Presidential candidate on the second and Marta on the third. He had something on his mind and lost no time in putting it up to Roger.

"I learned something in Chicago, Mr. Morton," he said, "and I'm putting it up to you at once."

"Well?" said Roger.

"Our news stories are being cut pretty badly," went on McWilliams, "but I expected that. I learned, from inside sources, that the Republican papers have received orders from higher up, not only to cut down our stories or treat them as jokes, but to refuse our advertising as we near the end of the campaign."

"How about the Democratic papers?" asked the Revolutionist Chairman.

"They will probably do the same thing," said McWilliams. "In fact, Mr. Morton, the thing that surprises me is the way that we have been able to get advertising space in the papers, so far, without refusals on various pretexts."

"How do you account for it?" asked Roger.

"Our real opponents were not prepared for it and of course, the newspapers were glad to get this new cash business," explained McWilliams, "but somebody now sees the mistake they made in allowing us to use all the advertising space we wanted and they're going to stop it."

"If they had stopped it earlier, we might have bought up enough newspaper plants to run our own

papers. If they can choke us off from now, we won't be able to do a thing until it's too late."

"Sounds bad," commented Roger.

"It's just as bad as it sounds," said McWilliams, shaking his head.

"Well, then," said Roger, smiling, "what is your solution?"

"Thanks for the compliment," said McWilliams, with an answering smile. "I've got a solution, of course, but I need your help in executing it."

"Go ahead!"

"Our only hope is Gilmore of the Independent," continued McWilliams. "He is the one absolutely independent publisher in America. His monthly magazines, of course, cannot do us any good as they are all printed so far ahead that I doubt if we could catch one of them. Political advertising written away ahead generally sounds dead, anyhow. I don't like monthlies.

"But Gilmore's weekly is available and his chain of newspapers, also the best thing in publicity that there is, the Gilmore Movie News Service. This goes every night on to the screen of 40,000 theatres and reaches every week at least 100,000,000 people."

"What is my job?" asked Roger.

"To convince Gilmore that we've got a chance to win this fight," replied McWilliams.

"I know Charlie fairly well," said Roger. "He was at Harvard with me, but didn't graduate. Some

trouble with the Faculty. Haven't seen him very often lately. What is his weakest point?"

"He is crazy over organization. It's a mania with him, so I understand," replied McWilliams. "He hasn't come out for anybody so far. If he can be convinced that we are likely to win it will influence him in deciding whether he will be with us or not.

"He is the greatest publicity factor in the country and the most fearless. His father's fortune and his own brains have made him financially independent. He would like to be with us on general principles as he, at heart, believes in our views, but he is too shrewd to take a chance unless he is sure that we will make a creditable showing."

Roger hesitated before saying anything. McWilliams waited.

"Well!" said Roger, finally, "if Gilmore is open to conviction, let's see if we can't convince him."

He reached for his phone. "Get me Mr. Charles Gilmore, publisher of the Independent," he told the switch-board.

"Your father will know that you are looking for Gilmore, within five minutes," said McWilliams.

"Certainly he will," smiled Roger. "He has a cut-in on our trunk line at both branches. Our wire expert located it for me. I use the line when I want father's information bureau to know what I'm doing. On all really important matters I have a line that jumps over his cut-in. He was very foolish. He

should have made his connections at telephone headquarters, then we never could have gotten around him."

"Some organization," commented McWilliams.

"Each man does his part," smiled Roger, picking up the phone.

"Hello, Charlie," he said into the phone, cordially. "This is Roger Morton talking. I'd like to see you at your office or any convenient place, just as soon as possible. . . . At the Independent office in half an hour . . . I'll be there with our publicity man."

He hung up the phone and walked to the elevator with McWilliams.

"We'll talk it over on the way down," he said to the latter.

There was no waiting at the down-town office of the Independent. The two callers were ushered right into the office of America's greatest publisher. After introducing McWilliams, Roger started right into the reason for his visit.

"Would you like to see Dan Holman elected President in November?" he asked.

"Nothing would please me more," answered Gilmore.

"Will you help?" asked Roger.

"If I were convinced that my help would insure his election I'd go the limit," said the publisher.

"You won't be with Bancroft or Halliday?" asked Roger.

"No!" replied Gilmore. "I'll either stay on the

fence or jump to Holman. It is a pretty fight as it lays. I'd be with Holman on general principles but I can't take chances any more. I've picked too many losers. I must be more careful or my influence will be gone. In politics a newspaper has to pick winners once in a while or its political influence goes all to pieces."

"What would influence you to declare absolutely for Holman and the Revolutionist party?" asked Roger.

"My zeal has carried me away on many an occasion, as you know," replied Gilmore. "I have found that the greatest weakness in all new movements has been lack of organization."

"I agree with you," said Roger.

"Have you remedied that defect?" asked Gilmore, excitedly.

"I think so," answered Roger, "but one is never sure. Suppose you test us out and see whether we are really organized or not?"

"How severe a test can you stand?" asked Gilmore, smiling.

"Let's have one and see!" said Roger, confidently.

"Who is the Chairman of your City Committee in Waltham, Massachusetts?" asked Gilmore, smiling.

"Henry Forsythe," answered Roger, without a moment's hesitation.

"Do you mean to tell me you know the Chairman

of all your City Committees?" asked Gilmore, surprisedly.

"Only in cities of 50,000 and over. I can give you the name of every Chairman of every State and County Committee and of the large cities, without referring to our index. The smaller organizations require reference, of course."

The publisher looked admiringly at the National Chairman of the Revolutionist Party.

"This is interesting," he said. "I'm wondering just how far you've gone into it. Now don't be provoked, Roger, or think I'm trying to put anything over on you. I'm impressed. I want to help, but I'm practical about all things political. Just a minute!" He touched a bell and an office attendant came into the room.

"Bring me an atlas!" he directed.

The attendant placed it before the publisher at once. Gilmore opened it and glanced at the lists of cities and towns of the country.

"Take a note of these names," he said to Morton.

"Ready!" said the Revolutionist Chairman.

"Mason, Illinois, Ward 6, Stockton, California, and Ellsworth, Maine," read Gilmore.

"What about them?" asked Roger, with apparent indifference.

"Who are the Chairmen of the Committees in the three districts and how large are the Committees?" asked Gilmore.

"Roger reached forward and lifted the phone to his ear. He asked for his office at Headquarters. Gilmore and McWilliams said nothing.

"Hello!" spoke Roger. "Give me Mr. Sullivan, please . . . Mr. Sullivan? This is the Chairman talking. Is everything all right? Thank you!" He waited a second or two as if for a signal, then continued his talk.

"Sullivan . . . all right. Take these names. Mason, Illinois, Ward 6, Stockton, California, and Ellsworth, Maine. Put through long distance calls to Chairman of Men's and Women's Branch to call me at Madison 2960 at once on a very important matter. That's all, Sullivan. Thank you!"

He hung up and turned to Gilmore.

"My opening with Sullivan was a signal. He lets everything go through unless I signal him. Then he throws the cut-off so that we can talk without being overheard."

Gilmore was evidently thinking of something entirely foreign to Roger's explanation.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have got a working committee at the three places I named?" he asked.

"Two committees, Charlie," answered Roger, "a regular men's committee and the women's branch committee. I have very little to do with the operation of the women's branch. That is in the keeping of Miss Falmouth."

"Professor Falmouth's daughter," said Gilmore.

"I knew the Professor slightly. Never met the girl. My men tell me she is the surprise of the political world."

"A wonderful woman, Charlie," commented Roger. "In fact, she is carrying out the wishes of the Professor in everything."

He then launched into a dramatic history of the movement for Gilmore's benefit. As he brought everything right up to the moment, the phone rang and Roger answered it.

"Yes! This is Mr. Morton, Chairman of the National Committee talking . . . I am glad to hear from you, Mrs. Perkins. I called you especially to know if your entire Committee is filled . . . That's fine! twelve active members. What is the total registered women's vote in your district? . . . 420 . . . and the possible vote to be added? . . . 229 . . . and how many have you put on to the voting list since August 15th . . . 248 . . . Yes! it is on your weekly report, but I haven't the card handy. Thank you very much for calling. Give my personal regards to the members of your Committee."

He hung up the phone and turned to Gilmore.

"You got it. Mrs. Perkins, our Chairman of the Women's Branch at Ellsworth, Maine, reports twelve women on her committee, been organized since August 8th, and they've put 248 votes on the women's list since the 15th."

He answered the phone and received similar in-



formation from Mason, Illinois. Next came the women's committee from Stockton, California and the men's committee of Ellsworth. The women's committee of Mason was next in line.

All the time Gilmore sat spellbound, uttering the most laudatory terms. The phone stopped. Gilmore stood up and grasped Roger by the hand.

"Believe me, Roger, I've seen many campaigns but never one that was in the shape this one seems to be."

Roger's mind seemed occupied with something else.

"Just a minute, Charlie," he said, at length, "I want that report from the men's committee of Ward 6, Stockton. No excuse for this delay on it. I'll try Sullivan."

The phone rang as he was reaching for it.

"Ah! here it is," he smiled. He answered the phone. "Hello! Yes! this is Chairman Morton . . . Oh! that's too bad. Yes! I wanted certain information. . . ."

At the close of his talk, Roger turned to Gilmore and said: "That was the Secretary of the Committee. The Chairman is laid up with a severe injury to his leg. Hopes to be out by the end of the month. What were you saying about organization?"

"I was saying, Roger," said Gilmore, smiling, "that I'd like to offer the services of the Gilmore interests to the Revolutionist party until after the polls close on election day."

The two men shook hands and the cause of the Revolutionists was advanced many paces.

Not a word was ever said about money, either at this conference or any other, not a word was ever said about patronage, not a word was ever uttered between Morton and Gilmore about payment of any kind, directly or indirectly.

Charles Gilmore wasn't that kind of a publisher. Roger Morton wasn't that kind of a National Chairman.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### MARTA FALMOUTH'S ABDUCTION IS PLANNED

With Gilmore's publications, all over the United States, definitely committed to the Revolutionist cause, the campaign began to assume a bitterness that had been lacking up to that time.

Gilmore's help in a political fight had always been sought by every party and yet his opposition had always furnished a target for abuse and all manner of political mud-slinging. Paradoxical though it may appear, Gilmore was an asset to both sides of a campaign. The side which could get the most out of him as an asset would naturally try to do so.

Had Gilmore declared against the Revolutionist party and had the news and advertising columns of the press of the country been available to attack him, then his opposition could have been discounted. But with the press closed to news and advertising or likely to be shut off at the height of the campaign, Gilmore was indispensable to the Revolutionist cause, even though he was open to attacks of various kinds.

These attacks became more pointed and more violent as the campaign swung to the month of October but the Revolutionist movement sailed serenely along.

Holman and Marta and the Vice-Presidential can-

didate were talking to enormous crowds. By adroit handling of his schedules, McWilliams had managed to get the three of them into some of the larger cities at the same time. Unprecedented enthusiasm attended all these joint meetings.

Bancroft's campaign had fizzled to almost nothing. As President, he issued a statement to the effect that a whirlwind tour was undignified and that he would meet delegations at his Summer home in New Jersey. His speeches to these delegations were used by the Associated press, but attracted no special attention.

Under goading by Morton, Senior, the Republican campaign had been whipped into shape and Halliday and Sturgis were going strong. Halliday was a very convincing speaker and his long experience in public life enabled him to talk fluently and with apparent sincerity against "this new menace to American freedom." Among other terms that he applied to Holman were "Anarchist" "Inciter of Unrest," "Enemy of Popular Government," "Charlatan," "Defamer of American Principles," "Word Monger," "Egotist," "Radical," "Faker," "Counterfeit."

In spite of these terms the crowds that flocked to Holman's rallies grew enormously. Gilmore had two special writers with Holman and also covered Marta's tour and that of Hargraves.

An attempt on the part of the elder Morton to get the entire press of the country to cut down the stories of the Revolutionist meetings was frowned upon by

the editors. One Chicago editor who attended the conference said:

"It is nothing less than stupidity to print a small story about a big event. If I tell my readers that Holman's meeting in Chicago was an ordinary affair, when over a million people were unable to get within a mile of the National League ball grounds where the meeting was held, my paper will be the joke of the city. We have given the Revolutionists such a start that we can't stop them, at least, not so far as publicity is concerned."

Finding himself defeated along these lines, the head of the Universal Trust Co. decided upon a more drastic effort. He sent for Lannigan and put the matter to him. The meeting was held at the office of the Trust Company.

"Lannigan," said Morton, Senior, impressively, "I am going to ask you to do something for me that will take all your nerve to carry through successfully. But it is the only course open, so far as I can see, if we hope to put Halliday across."

"Yes, sir," said the detective.

"First, I want to make sure that I'm making the right move," went on Morton. "We are practically agreed that the fight is now between Halliday and Holman—Bancroft is hopelessly beaten. All he will hold is a few states in the South and even these may be lost before election day."

Lannigan nodded his head.

"Gilmore is putting a punch into this thing that he never put into any other fight. His attitude makes it impossible to shut off the advertising and news columns of the other papers."

"Also the movies," commented Lannigan.

"I could have controlled the movies, myself, if I had given the time to it five years ago, but I always depended on Farnley. All he's got is the story end of it, which has no influence at all on the public. The news weekly carries all the propaganda and it's right up to date."

"Gilmore certainly does let a lot of Revolutionist stuff filter through the pictures," said Lannigan, "and as I told you, it gets the crowds. Every time that Holman's face or that of the Falmouth woman shows up on the screen the crowds go wild. I tell you, Mr. Morton, it looks like a stampede to me."

"Well! don't waste time thinking you're licked. It doesn't pay. Think of a way to stop things!" said Morton, sarcastically.

"I'm under orders," replied Lannigan. "You make the suggestion. I'm stopped!"

"Tell me," said Morton, "what is the most important factor in the Revolutionist movement, the one indispensable thing?"

Lannigan thought a moment before replying. Then he said, tensely:

"Roger Adams Morton, the National Chairman."

"Right!" commented Morton, Senior, struggling

to keep a note of pride out of his voice. "And what is it that keeps him at concert pitch and working like a dynamo?"

"The Falmouth woman, of course," snapped Lannigan.

"Right again," said Morton, "and as I told you, months ago, there isn't any scandal that can be attached to their friendship. You agree on that?"

"Certainly!"

"Well! if this young woman is indispensable to my son and he, in his bull-headed way, is indispensable to the Revolutionist organization, then the best way to break things up is to attack him through the young woman. Is this logical?"

"Logical enough, but what does it get you being logical if you can't carry out your logic?" asked Lannigan. "We can't shoot her, and if we did we would only bring votes to Holman."

"True enough!" came back Morton. "We can't shoot her, but she can disappear, can't she, at least until after election day?"

"Yes!" answered Lannigan, "that can be fixed. She's under a heavy guard, though. Roger has a young army of huskies with her everywhere she goes. Doesn't have anybody at all protecting Holman. But won't the disappearance of the young woman be traced to the right source and if it is, what do we get?"

"It all depends on how it is handled," said Morton. "If we can make it appear that she has become dis-

gusted with the campaign, that will satisfy the public. The real thing that I hope to accomplish, however, is to get Roger to give up his work at Headquarters and spend his time hunting for the young woman. If he does that everything will go to smash. It always does in a one-man organization."

Lannigan puffed at his cigar, thoughtfully.

"What protection do I get?" he asked, finally.

"If we win, we control the courts, through Halliday," said Morton. "If we lose, I'll make a personal appeal to Roger. One thing I insist upon, that no harm comes to the young woman."

"I can guarantee a little thing like that," smiled Lannigan.

"Any idea when you will be able to abduct her?" asked Morton, anxiously.

Lannigan took a note book from his pocket and scanned a list of dates.

"She is speaking in New England, now," he said. "Their schedule calls for the first mass meeting in New York on Saturday, October 24. They will hold it in the Garden. They also have the Garden for the following Saturday, which is three days before election. Suppose we get her away after the first New York meeting. That will leave ten days for Roger to lose his head. If we took more time he might recover. If we took less time we might be too late to do any real damage."

The elder Morton took out a handkerchief and



drew it across his forehead. To Lannigan it seemed a needless thing to do, as there wasn't the slightest humidity in the air of the office. The head of the Univesal Trust Company looked at the Chief of his Secret Service Bureau.

"No bungling. I'm depending on you, Lannigan."

"I'll go through, Mr. Morton."

"Where will you take her?"

"Haven't decided yet," said the detective, crisply.

"We will have to make it some place where the other side wouldn't suspect."

The interview closed, with Morton still wiping off his forehead.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE REVOLUTIONISTS INVADE NEW YORK

The invasion of New York City by the Revolutionists was timed to an exactness that was little less than uncanny from the standpoint of psychology.

McWilliams had prevailed upon Roger Morton and Marta Falmouth to allow a delay in the first public opening in New York City.

"Our experience in the Spring taught us not to trust to luck again during the campaign," he explained. "It is generally conceded that Madison Square Garden is always good publicity. Almost anybody can stage a big meeting at the Garden and make it a success.

"Therefore it is incumbent upon us to put over such a phenomenal meeting that it will be given full credit for size and enthusiasm.

"I have engaged the Garden for the two Saturday nights preceding election day. My biggest effort of the campaign will be on the first of these two nights."

"Can I make a suggestion?" asked Marta.

"Certainly!"

"Would it be in keeping with your plans to reserve the entire floor for men and the entire balcony spaces for women?" asked Marta.

McWilliams thought for a moment. "That will suit me," he said, finally, "and I will not mention it until two days before the meeting."

Roger looked at his two colleagues, inquisitively. Marta smiled at him.

"You see our idea?" she said.

"Can't quite make it out."

"The two other parties are claiming the votes of the women for themselves," said Marta, "but neither of them has done anything unusual with regard to the women."

"So far we have had a separate woman's committee in every district in the country. We have recognized women as the equals of men, without taking away their independence as women. We are trying to show that women can still be women and yet be voters."

"In a big demonstration in New York, such as Mr. McWilliams is arranging, if we can show one half the Garden occupied by men and one half by women we will create comment and attract the thoughts of women. Coupled with our regular work it will have a good effect."

"Great idea!" commented the National Chairman. Then turning to McWilliams he said, "Go ahead on the New York matter to suit your own feeling with regard to dates."

"Publicity is a peculiar thing," said McWilliams. "By holding back my New York meeting, I gain in impetus because the New York papers are printing

stuff every day of our outside meetings, and the outside cities, for the first time in years, are getting a show before it is staged in New York. It works both ways."

The conference closed and the regular, grinding, routine work of the Revolutionist organization went on, as before.

Meetings all over the country, both inside and outside, new recruits of local or national prominence being added all the time. Every new addition, regardless of his or her prominence, received a telegram from Roger, thanking him for the fearless stand taken. The personal touch was manifest all along the line.

Holman's meetings had become wild demonstrations. Marta's meetings, while less noisy, were enthusiastic to a degree. Women, especially, flocked to her standard and gave assurance of support until the very last minute on election day.

About a week before the first New York meeting, Holman and Marta and Hargraves all began talking about the great meeting that was to take place in New York. These references crept into the stories in the New York papers.

The Independent began a series of half-page editorials calling attention to the forthcoming meeting. Three days before the demonstration, McWilliams turned loose his advertising guns in page advertisements telling about it. He not only advertised Holman, and Hargraves and Marta, but he advertised

the biggest band ever heard in Madison Square Garden and promised in addition to all these attractions, "the greatest sensation ever known in American politics."

The advertising appeared in all the papers within a hundred miles of New York as well as in the New York press. McWilliams was thorough.

The opposition press became speculative at once, as to "the greatest sensation ever known," and sought to ridicule it, editorially. This effort, naturally, only intensified the interest. On Saturday, the only question in the minds of greater New York's ten million inhabitants was, "What is the big sensation to be sprung at Madison Square Garden tonight?"

Even Roger, who had come to accept all of McWilliams' publicity without question, was interested to that point where he felt it incumbent to ask what form the sensation was to take. He put the question to McWilliams, casually, at the noon meeting that was to arrange the schedule for the evening.

"I see you have 9.15 to 9.30 for the big sensation," said Roger. "Is it something that we can discuss?"

For the first time since he had taken charge of the publicity of the Revolutionist party, McWilliams did not give a direct answer to a direct question.

"I am going to ask you to let the sensation be a surprise to you as well as the audience, Mr. Morton," he said. "I assume full responsibility for my decision."

Roger smiled and then went to a deferred luncheon with Marta. The arrangements called for Holman, Hargraves, Marta, Roger and Judge Pendleton of the New York Supreme Court, who was to act as presiding officer, to get through the crowd with the aid of the police reserves at 7.30. They were to meet at the Parkway at seven.

Early in the afternoon a mass of people had gathered at every entrance to the Garden. McWilliams had arranged for overflow meetings at every available space and for police reserves to the limit of the department. His precautions were well taken, but by six o'clock it became evident that the only safe thing to do was to open the doors and distribute the crowd inside as well as possible, so that the congestion on the outside might be relieved. The captain of the precinct gave the order and the stampede began.

An army of heavy-weight ushers, with scores of stentorian voiced megaphone men giving directions, managed to seat the men on the floor and turn the tide of women up into the balconies and galleries.

The outside doors were shut, after all standing room in the aisles and on the stage was occupied. All efforts to explain to the crowd on the outside that the hall was filled produced no effect. The mob merely yelled, "Let 'em speak outside!" and waited patiently for the overflow meetings.

By arranging with a caterer to provide a supper for the newspaper men, McWilliams had induced

the editors to assign reporters to the hall early in the afternoon. His judgment was commented upon by the reporters — that is, his judgment as an orderer of good food.

When the car containing Holman, Hargraves, Marta, Roger and the Chairman of the meeting came within ten blocks of the Square, it was stopped by the police.

"Everything blocked on every side of the Square. Got to go around," he said.

"This is Mr. Holman's car," explained the chauffeur. "Got to go through."

The policeman whistled as if for a signal. In a few minutes a mounted squad came to the rescue, scattering the crowd. Then commenced the jam through to the Garden entrance.

By pleading, charging the crowd in force and using every possible method that would gain a foot or two of distance, the car, preceded by the mounted squad, worked its way. It was just eight o'clock as they reached the stage-door entrance. From the hall could be heard the thunder of music, showing that the band was on the job.

Calm as an iceberg, Holman turned to the man in charge of the mounted squad.

"Pretty fair sized crowd, Lieutenant," he said, as he alighted from his car.

"Biggest that New York ever saw, Mr. Holman.

It must be wonderful to be able to draw a crowd like this."

"Wonderful to have a cause that will attract them, Lieutenant," said Holman, modestly.

As Holman and Hargraves followed the Chairman to the front of the stage, the noise was deafening. The band played the Star Spangled Banner and a magnificent silk flag dropped from the roof and hung over the stage. Roger was holding tightly on to Marta's arm, as he guided her to a seat.

"I've got to watch you, personally, tonight, my dear," he whispered to her.

"I've never been afraid," she replied, "but I took every precaution because you wished it."

"Only one more week and then we will know whether the people are willing to go ahead in the same old, careless way or take the government back into their own hands," said Roger, looking at the vast ocean of faces in front of him.

"The people can always be trusted," said Marta, then she grasped him by the wrist, as if to caution him against any further conversation and they both turned their attention to Judge Pendleton, who was now addressing the audience.

"They assured me," said the Judge, "that if I spoke at this meeting tonight, I would be taking chances with my political future.

"My answer was that I had no political ambition and that I would be here on the platform. After



seeing the greatest crowd on the outside of this edifice that New York ever gathered together and after looking at this audience inside, I now say to those who talk about political futures that if I were an ambitious man and thought only of myself I wouldn't dare to miss being here tonight."

## CHAPTER XXV

### ROGER MORTON SPEAKS TO THE PEOPLE

Judge Pendleton lost very little time in introducing Hargraves, of New York, the candidate for Vice-President, explaining that he would take up but thirty minutes and then try to speak to the great assemblage on the outside. Hargraves delivered his regular address, polished by innumerable rehearsals from one end of the country to the other.

He was followed by Marta, who was also allotted a shorter time than usual. Her reception was most flattering and as her musical voice filled the vast auditorium and rang true into the farthest corners of the topmost gallery, the effect was most inspiring.

Without a break, piling argument upon argument, she made her entire plea one for the votes of the women of New York. She closed in an appeal to womanhood and all those things for which womanhood stands in America.

As she finished and took her seat beside Roger, the latter started to escort her to the stage exit, evidently thinking that she was to speak to the outside throng.

"Just a minute!" she said, placing a detaining hand

on his arm and holding him in his seat, "here comes the promised sensation of the evening. Listen!"

Roger turned to Judge Pendleton, who was now invoking quiet on the part of the audience. Finally the applause subsided and the Judge began to speak.

"My friends, every great movement in history that succeeded had more than one leader. Every movement had its nominal leader and its equally important leader, who did his work on the inside. Washington was our leader in the Revolution but it was Franklin at the Court of France who practically financed the war for us.

"In the great Revolution in American politics, of which tonight's big demonstration is but a slight indication, we have more than one leader. We have the peerless Holman who will soon address you. We also have the other leaders whom you see on the platform, the candidates for Governor, for Congress and all the state offices. We have the young woman who has just spoken. All these you know. You have heard them speak.

"But the Revolutionist party has another leader, a radiomatic force in organization, a man who has staked his entire fortune of over a hundred millions of good American dollars upon the success of this movement, a man who broke away from his family because he thought his family had the wrong idea of pure democracy, a man so modest that he has never spoken in public, never expressed the slightest desire

for public office, a hardworking, conscientious, clean-living, sterling young American patriot who is going to make his first public speech to the people of his own state, tonight.

"It gives me great pleasure — without having consulted him before so doing — to present to this vast assemblage the one unspoiled, unselfish multi-millionaire in American public life — the sensation of this campaign, Roger Adams Morton of New York."

As Roger had caught the drift of the speaker's remarks and realized that he was to be called upon, his legs became numb, he turned as white almost as his collar, and nervously clutched at Marta as though she could save him.

"Don't, for God's sake, don't let him make me speak!" he whispered, but his voice was husky and his throat dry.

He felt Marta's hand clasp him firmly by the wrist. His eyes were drawn to hers. Steadily she looked back at his pleading glance.

"Tell them what you think and don't talk too long! Speak slowly and distinctly," she said.

His head seemed to clear. He stood upon his feet. Without any apparent effort he seemed to walk to the front of the platform and face the audience. Although he had been watching this same crowd for over an hour he now saw them for the first time in a mass, a seething, waving commotion of voice, hubbub, shrieks, cat-calls, laughter and always the clapping

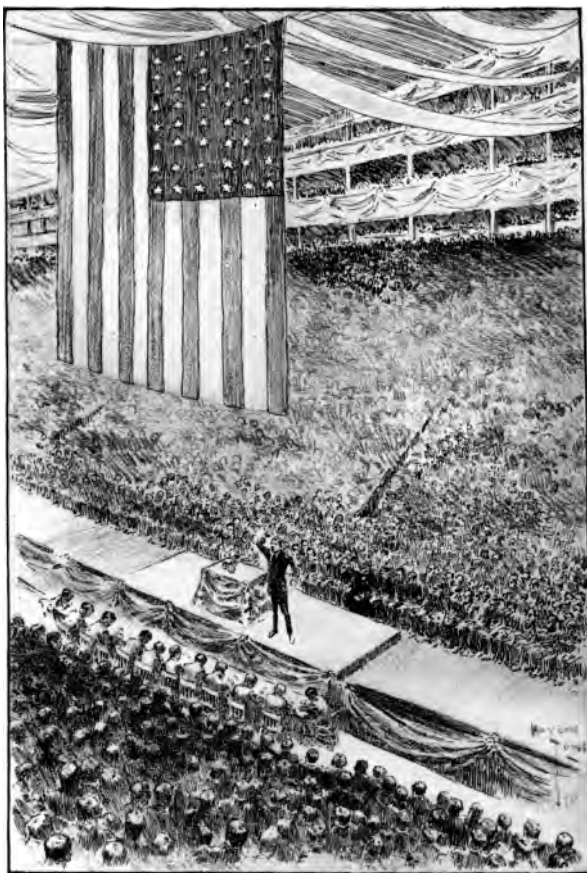
of hands. The band played "Fair Harvard," and the crowd went wilder still. Then a strain of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," followed by "Auld Lang Syne."

He felt himself floating off into space as if in a dream. The music stopped. The audience seemed to have calmed down. He could feel the stillness as if it were the chill of a winter's night up at his bungalow in the Adirondacks. He tried to speak, but not a word came forth. And yet he heard somebody saying, "Mr. Chairman and fellow Revolutionists." A burst of applause and laughter came to punctuate this introduction. He was talking after all, talking without any effort and he knew everybody could hear what he said. Silence came again.

"For once a man can face an audience in America and truthfully say that he didn't know he was going to be called upon to speak. I am speaking in public for the first time in my life. I crave your indulgence in my effort.

"The Chairman has said that I have pledged my entire personal fortune for the cause of the Revolutionist party. I regret that what I have to offer is so small.

"On the success of the Revolutionist party ticket, one week from next Tuesday, depends the success of America as a democracy. There is no dodging the issue. We either become a perpetual monetary monarchy or retain our democracy, within the next ten days. If this Revolt does not succeed then is de-



*“ Fellow Revolutionists ”*

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

mocracy — government of, by and for the people — doomed forever in America.

"My ideas of democracy are at variance with the present day teachings of the orators on the Democratic and Republican platforms. They prate much of individual freedom, the rights of the people, and by these and other high-sounding phrases try to befog issues.

"They even specify some of the 'rights' that they claim the Revolutionists are seeking to take away from certain privileged classes. They use the same terms that the manufacturers and dealers in intoxicating liquor used twenty years ago when they spoke of the 'rights of the individual to drink' as incidental to a democracy. Time has shown the fallacy of that so-called argument.

"I offer a definition for democracy tonight, a new definition, one that has come to me during the last few months. My conception of the ideal democracy is that government in which men and women are willing to sacrifice their individual rights at all times for the greater good of the greater number.

"Continual harping about one's own rights breeds individual autocracy. A desire to waive one's own rights for the benefit of somebody else will eventually tend more firmly to establish everybody's rights. The right to do wrong is not an honest right. Rights and wrongs do not harmonize.

"The greatest right that any American has, and I



consider it the only individual right worth fighting for, is the right to help his fellow citizens, without fear and without restraint.

"I ask no higher privilege for myself and I am making this fight with you for the preservation of the right to all men — while this Republic shall live — to serve their fellow citizens. In no finer way can any man insure to himself the best of life, the greatest of liberty, and in no other pursuit can he attain a more lasting happiness. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

He ended his speech abruptly and bowed. The audience started to applaud. Somebody on the stage proposed "three cheers for the millionaire democrat." Roger sat down, but the Chairman pulled him to the front of the stage again for more cheering.

The sensation had made a hit. The Chairman began to speak again. Holman was about to be introduced. Roger turned to Marta.

Tears were in her eyes, but she was smiling through them. He leaned over close to her.

"You were magnificent. I am proud of you," she said, enthusiastically. "Now we will go and speak to the crowds on the outside. You must speak again on the outside."

She was pulling him to the rear of the platform. Nobody noticed them. The pent-up emotions of twenty-five thousand men and women were being unloosed in a mighty welcome to the leader of a great

cause. Holman was facing his audience and smiling confidently into the faces of his friends. The real conquest of the Empire state was about to begin.

Marta and Roger, with hands firmly clasped, pushed their way out to the crowd that was waiting patiently to hear the speakers on the outside.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### MARTA PALMOUTH DISAPPEARS

The Madison Square meeting did not close until midnight. Even at that hour there were hundreds of thousands massed in the Square, itself, vainly trying to hear the closing words of Holman's seventh speech of the evening. He finished as the chimes in the Metropolitan tower announced that Sunday morning had begun.

Marta and Roger were waiting for him in a closed car that had jammed its way up to the stand. He said "Good bye" to his audience, and with the aid of the police, entered the car, which wormed its way over on to Fifth Avenue and then started for the Grand Central Station, where Holman's special train was waiting to carry him into the West.

Although he was throat-weary and his entire body was throbbing with the nervous ache of suspense that comes from hours of speaking to vast crowds, the old Holman smile was in evidence.

"Great speech you made, Roger," he said. "For a moment I thought you were going to have stage fright."

"Stage fright!" said Morton. "Believe me, Dan,

if stage fright is anything worse than the fright I had I'm mighty glad I didn't have it."

"Why, I'm surprised, Roger," said Holman. "I thought you talked like an old-timer."

At the Pershing Square entrance to the station, Holman alighted from the car and insisted that Marta and Roger go to their rest.

"I know it's Sunday, but we're facing the last week of our fight," he said. "I'll be sound asleep in ten minutes and I want you two people to get all the rest you can. Maybe next Sunday we won't be able to sleep. Good night. I'll be back on schedule for next Saturday's meeting."

He shook hands with both of them and then gracefully walked toward his train. They both watched him.

"A bundle of energy," commented Roger.

"And honest," said Marta.

"Will you join me in a light supper at the Parkway?" asked Roger.

"With pleasure," said Marta. "I haven't really seen you for two days."

After ordering supper in a quiet corner of the big dining room, Roger nervously leaned across the table and said:

"Do you believe in psychology to the extent that you can anticipate trouble?"

"My conception of psychology is that our mental

attitudes are often dominated by things already transpiring," replied Marta.

"Then if I am unduly disturbed in my mind it is because of some activity in somebody else's brain that is telepathically in touch with mine?"

"If it is a positive response, yes. If it is a mere disturbance it may be caused by nervousness. You have been working very hard," answered Marta.

"But it didn't start until an hour ago," persisted Roger. "During the meeting, I felt great. Even while I was speaking to the crowd, outside, after my maiden effort on the inside, I felt good. But within an hour I've had a mental chill. I simply can't throw it off."

"I don't see how you have avoided mental disaster, long ago," suggested Marta. "You have furnished mentality to all of us. Even McWilliams comes to you for suggestions. Stop thinking of the campaign and think of something else."

"There is only one other thing I care to think about and you know what that is," said Roger, tenderly.

"I know what you mean, and if it pleases you to talk about it we will do so."

And Roger, with all restraint lifted, told the story of his great love to the girl who had inspired it.

Shortly after one, he escorted Marta to her elevator and left for his rooms at the Harvard Club. To all outward appearances he didn't have a care in the world. As he entered his car in the Parkway vesti-

bule he failed to notice a man who was evidently watching him. The watcher followed the disappearance of the car toward the Avenue and noticed the exact time by his watch. Then he entered the Parkway's main office floor.

After looking carelessly around the room, he finally crossed to the side near the bank of elevators and sat down beside a man who was reading a newspaper with unnecessary intensesness.

"Just gone, chief," he said to the reader.

"What time?" asked Lannigan, from behind a set of whiskers.

"Twenty minutes past one," answered the assistant.

"Look around carefully and see if the entire line-up is ready!" ordered Lannigan.

The assistant stood up, yawned as if about to retire and then walked down the length of the room. The hour was a quiet one for the Parkway and there were but a few people present. Two men in the writing room, an old man and woman who had just finished a late supper and were discussing the details, and a few other late-retiring guests who appeared to be simply waiting until they reached a "good night" decision, were the only people in evidence. The assistant continued out to the vestibule and noted a big limousine drawn up on the farther side of the street. He returned to Lannigan.

"All set!" he said, in a whisper.

Lannigan looked at his watch.

"Shoot!" he said, and the assistant walked to the one open elevator and stepped inside. He gave the signal for the floor above that occupied by Marta Falmouth. He alighted leisurely and turned to the left. With the closing of the door he made a dash down the carpeted corridor and swiftly descended the stairway to the floor below. A few seconds later he was ringing the bell of the door entering into the reception hall of Marta's suite.

The matron answered, after a slight delay. Seeing a man at the door, without the hotel uniform on him, she didn't throw the door open.

"What do you wish?" she asked.

"Has Miss Falmouth retired?" asked Lannigan's assistant.

"Who wants to know?" asked the matron, suspiciously.

"This is very important," answered the other. "Nobody must be alarmed. Mr. Morton has been injured and has gone to the Washington Hospital on 60th Street. He insists that Miss Falmouth come there at once, without letting anybody know. He doesn't want the story in the papers."

The matron had listened intently.

"Just a minute, please. I'll speak to Miss Falmouth," she said, at the same time shutting the door.

The detective waited, keeping his eyes on the lookout for any employee who might think his actions in the corridor worthy of investigation. The Parkway's

floor clerk had left her desk at one o'clock, as usual. The corridor was deserted. The thickness of the door made it impossible for the waiting detective to hear anything that might be going on inside.

After two minutes had elapsed the door to Marta's apartments opened. The matron, who opened it, said, "Step inside." The man on the outside did so.

Marta, herself, very pale and evidently very agitated, stepped up to him.

"What is it? Please tell me!" she demanded, nervously.

"Mr. Morton's car was wrecked at the corner of Fifty-sixth street. His chauffeur rushed him to the Washington Hospital. He is conscious, but badly hurt. He asked me to come here and get you, without letting anybody know. I'm one of the internes at the Hospital." The detective opened his coat and disclosed a white coat underneath it, with the letters W.H. on the collar.

"I didn't have time to change," he said in explanation.

"We must go at once!" said Marta.

"Phone for the car!" she continued, turning to the matron.

"Don't do that, Miss Falmouth!" said the messenger. "You must go quietly, so Mr. Morton says. He seems to be afraid of some story in the newspapers. I have the superintendent's car."

"We will go in that, then," said Marta.



"Have you a thick veil and a dark wrap of some kind that they won't recognize in the office as we go out," suggested Lannigan's assistant.

In answer, Marta hurriedly went into another room and ten seconds later returned, almost muffled. Nervously she grabbed the detective by the arm and then they walked to the elevator. As they passed Lannigan, on the office floor, the assistant opened and closed his right hand.

Lannigan walked down the room behind them. Marta and her escort crossed the street and entered the waiting car, which started slowly. Lannigan walked along on the hotel side for a block. The car had stopped. He crossed the street and as the door opened he stepped in and the door closed with a bang.

In the car, with her head leaning up against the cushion as though she were sound asleep, was the leader of the Women's Department of the Revolutionist Movement.

"Good work!" said Lannigan.

"Damn good work, chief," replied his assistant. "She surely was all broken up with the news."

"Naturally!" commented Lannigan, "but wait till young Morton gets on to it."

The car silently sped on to its destination.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### MARTA DEFIES THE MONEY POWER

John Paine Morton sat in his big library and stared at the magnificent clock that graced the corner of the room. He was impatient. His face twitched nervously and he was needlessly puffing at his cigar which hadn't been lit for over five minutes. The clock showed half-past one. As the chimes rang out to tell the half hour, Morton jumped from his chair, excitedly. Then he resumed his seat, muttering to himself.

Finally, he walked to a door leading from the library and opened it. He spoke to someone evidently seated just inside the adjoining room.

"She'll be here very soon, now!"

"All right, sir," answered a woman's voice.

Morton returned to his seat and resumed his silent communication with the clock. It was ten minutes later that one of the library doors swung open and two men entered, carrying a senseless woman between them. They carried the form over to a couch and placed it in a reclining position. Morton walked over to them. He looked down at the form. A heavy veil hid the face completely.

"Any trouble, Lannigan?" he said, to one of the men.

"There she is, Mr. Morton. She ought to be out of the dope in about ten minutes," replied Lannigan.

Morton leaned over the figure and nervously raised the veil clear of the face. He gave a startled look at the two men who had brought her in.

"What's matter?" asked Lannigan.

"She is so beautiful she almost takes my breath away," replied the billionaire.

"I forgot you'd never seen her before. Her picture don't show her up. Yes, she's a handsome woman all right, and she surely can hold an audience."

"How do you think she'll take this enforced detention?" asked Morton.

"Don't know. Don't care. It isn't how she takes it that counts. It's how it affects the campaign," replied Lannigan.

"Will it have the effect we hope?" inquired Morton, putting the burden upon his head Secret Service man.

"It's your own suggestion," neatly parried Lannigan. "Don't ask me how it's going to affect a campaign like this. I s'pose you heard of tonight's meeting?"

"Yes!" answered Morton. "I had two confidential reports at midnight. They tell me that it was the most stupendous thing ever seen in New York."

"Right, and then a bit more," affirmed Lannigan. He put his hand on Marta's forehead. Then he

lifted one of her eyelids. The lips moved. Lannigan put his head over and listened. He smiled.

"Sounds as if she was saying 'Roger'," he said.

"Lannigan, you're getting sentimental," commented Morton. "Can you wake her up?"

"I think so. Get me a little water!"

"I've got a nurse, outside."

The billionaire stepped to the door and opened it. He spoke to the woman waiting just outside.

"Bring some cold water, please!"

The woman returned with a pitcher of water, in a few seconds. Lannigan applied some of it to Marta's face and temples, with a towel. Under the treatment the eyes soon opened and looked around wonderingly.

Morton looked at her intently, evidently determined to assume full responsibility for the situation.

"You are Miss Marta Falmouth," he said.

"Where is Roger Morton?" asked Marta, unheeding the reference to herself.

"I am John Paine Morton," continued the financier. "I have had you brought here because you are a menace to the nation. Do you understand — a menace to the nation?"

"Isn't Roger hurt?" asked the girl, paying no attention to the question put by the billionaire.

"No, he isn't hurt," snapped Morton, angrily. "I want you to understand why I had you brought here . . ."

"Thank God!" said the girl, fervently, and then she fainted and her head fell back on to the couch.

"Well! of all the . . . ," sputtered Morton. "She doesn't pay the least damn bit of attention to what I'm saying. Give her some more cold water!"

This time the nurse gave Marta the treatment that brought her out of her faint. Morton started again to talk with her.

"I want you to understand what I'm saying," he said. "I am John Paine Morton. I had you brought . . . ."

A brilliant light now flashed into the eyes of the young woman. She sat bolt upright, looking from one to the other of the four who were watching her.

"Yes! Mr. Morton, I understand," she said, calmly. "You had this man lie to me and give me a dose of chloroform so that I could be brought here. You evidently think that it will have some effect on the campaign.

"Well! it will have an effect on the campaign but not the effect you expect or want. It will help the cause of the Revolutionists."

"I don't see . . . " sputtered Morton, but Marta interrupted him.

"You don't see anything but your own selfish interests. That's what's the matter with you and the other plutocrats who are associated with you.

"You don't imagine for one minute that the Revolutionist Campaign is so poorly organized that it de-

depends on me or even on Mr. Holman to make it a success. We are only incidental. It is the cause itself that is going to triumph, within the next ten days."

"How about Roger? Isn't he indispensable to the cause?" persisted Morton, taken off his feet by Marta's spirited attack.

"More so than I am or anybody else in the movement," said Marta. "But you haven't abducted him, have you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No need to do so," said Morton, smiling. "We have you, which is better."

Marta said nothing.

"In fact," went on the financier, "we decided that if we could keep you out of the campaign for the few remaining days we would come pretty near to disorganizing it.

"You don't imagine, for a minute, that Roger Morton is going to pay any attention to the Revolutionist Campaign if you can't be found and he thinks you are in danger?"

"I hadn't thought of that," replied Marta, slowly. "I knew you were unscrupulous, that you had a low standard of politics and business, but I didn't think you could sink so low as to use the pure love of a man for a woman to your base ends. I see now that it will be hard for your son to do his work. There is only one thing that I can't understand."

Morton looked at the three others. He knew he

wasn't making much of a hit in the interchange of views. But he took a chance.

"Well, Miss Falmouth. Tell me! What is it you can't understand?"

"I can't understand how such a wonderful man as Roger Morton can be the son of a man like you," she said, bitterly.

"Well! he is," said Morton, pettishly, "and he isn't behaving himself. His plans are designed to wreck the stability of this nation. He and you and Holman and all the crew are crazy, starting this Revoutionist movement. Everything was running along smoothly and you folks bunk Roger into the plan and get him to finance it to the tune of a hundred million. Why, if it hadn't been for Roger, the whole scheme would have died long ago. Isn't that so?"

"He has behaved magnificently," said Marta.

"Magnificently, Hell," shrieked Morton. "Magnificently is what you mean. Well! he's done all the damage, without thinking of how it was going to hurt me. I'm going to return the compliment. I'm going to hurt him."

"How?" asked Marta.

"I'm going to keep you here until the campaign is over. You have my word, little as you may think of it, that no physical harm will come to you while here. You'll have to look after your mental health, yourself."

"That is very considerate of you," said Marta,

sarcastically. "Please don't trouble yourself over my mental state. Am I to retire now?"

"What? You want to go to bed? You can't sleep, can you?" asked Morton, in surprise.

"I expect to have a delightful rest, Mr. Morton. I know that I am safe because you haven't courage enough to harm me and I have every confidence that Roger will secure my release very shortly."

"Well! he won't. Get that out of your mind. He would never think of looking here and if he tried, the police would stop him. You're here till after the campaign."

"We shall see," replied the head of the Women's Branch of the Revolutionist party, as Morton bowed to the nurse and the latter took hold of Marta's arm to lead her away.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### ROGER MORTON STARTS THE SEARCH

At four o'clock in the morning, Roger Morton was roused by the phone on the table beside his bed. He groped for the light cord and pulled on the light and then took up the phone.

"Excuse me, Mr. Morton," said the club floor-clerk, "but the party insisted on talking with you. Seemed surprised to learn you were here. Will I put her on?"

"Certainly!" replied Roger, sleepily.

The clerk connected the party.

"Is this you, Mr. Morton?" asked a woman's voice.

"It is, madam."

"This is the matron at Miss Falmouth's apartments. Have you seen Miss Falmouth?"

"Not since I left her at the Parkway."

"Have you been injured?"

"Injured? No! Why?"

"A man came to our apartment about half-past one and said you were injured and had sent for Miss Falmouth. She left with him."

Roger's brain began to formulate theories with rapidity. He spoke into the phone.

"Don't retire! I shall be there in a half hour and

see you. Don't tell anybody else." He signalled the switchboard to get him the Wellman Hotel and in ten seconds time was in touch with McWilliams.

"Hello! McWilliams. This is Roger Morton. Get down to the Parkway at once. Wait for me in the office corridor." He hung up the phone and dressed, after telling the switchboard to get a car from the nearest service station.

He was at the Parkway a few minutes ahead of McWilliams and consumed the time and half a package of cigarettes while waiting. McWilliams entered in his characteristic rush.

"What's up, Mr. Morton?" he asked.

"Don't know yet. Wait a second!"

Roger crossed to the night clerk and spoke to him. The other nodded.

He returned to McWilliams.

"I told him where we were going and why. Now we'll go up."

A sleepy bell-boy opened the elevator door, after getting the signal, and Roger and McWilliams were carried to the floor on which were Marta's apartments.

"Haven't said what's trouble," suggested McWilliams, as he tried to keep pace with the energetic National Chairman going down the corridor.

"Miss Falmouth has been abducted," said Roger.

McWilliams didn't answer. He couldn't think of anything to say. Roger rang the bell of the apart-

ments and the matron opened the door slightly and peeked out. Seeing who her visitors were she flung open the door and the two men entered. It was apparent to Roger that the matron was hysterical. He grasped her firmly by the arm and said:

"Now be very calm and answer my questions, carefully. Don't get excited. We mustn't make any mistakes."

"Yes, sir!" said the matron, stifling a sob.

"How long after Miss Falmouth came in, this morning, before the man came after her?"

"About ten or fifteen minutes," answered the matron.

"What did he say?"

"He said Mr. Morton has been badly hurt and was at the Washington Hospital and wanted to see Miss Falmouth."

"What else?"

"Oh! he said you told him to tell Miss Falmouth not to speak to anybody and to go at once. He said you didn't want anything in the papers about it."

"Clever idea to keep her from attracting attention," said Roger, turning to McWilliams.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Oh! Yes! he said he was from the hospital and showed a white coat under his other coat. He said he had the superintendent's car with him. When Miss Falmouth started he made her put on a heavy veil and a heavy cape."

"They planned it well. They knew she would go, at once, if I sent for her. They played on her sympathy. They are clever people and nervy people." He turned to McWilliams.

"Well, Mac," he said, "I guess it's up to you. There are a million places where a woman can be hidden in New York. The police would be helpless. They might even stand in with the abductors. I'm licked."

He put his hand to his head as though it ached. Thanking the matron, he turned to the door. McWilliams followed him out and down the corridor to the elevator. As they alighted at the office floor he said to McWilliams:

"Mac, I don't know when I've felt just like this before. I'm all in. Only this morning I told Marta that I was afraid of something. She laughed at it. While they were planning I was getting the mental disturbance and I should have had sense enough to protect her."

"Couldn't have done it," assured McWilliams. "They planned it too carefully. You've given me a clue, though."

"Well?"

"If you were disturbed mentally and Miss Falmouth was not, then the stronger impulse must have come from someone who is in your sphere of operations — I mean in the same mental stratum."

"What is the deduction?"

"Simply this," said the publicity man. "The plot

was put into operation by your father and by somebody who was giving more attention to you than he was to Miss Falmouth. What I am trying to say is that while they were plotting to abduct Miss Falmouth they were in reality planning to injure you. That is why you were mentally disturbed."

"If they wanted to injure me why didn't they take me direct?" asked Roger.

"They are clever people," replied McWilliams, "more clever than you think. They have figured it out that you will be more cut up by this than if they kidnapped you."

"If that's the way they figure, by God, they're right," said the young millionaire. "But that doesn't help the situation. Have you got a plan, one that will bring her back, safe? That's the only thing to think of."

"I have a plan," said McWilliams, quietly. "I shall start work in the morning editions. I can't start today. If I tell you that I will bring Miss Falmouth home safe will you go back to bed?"

"Sunday, isn't it?" asked Roger, abstractedly.

McWilliams nodded.

"I'll try to sleep, Mac, but I never was so bowled over in my life. I'm depending entirely on you. Don't forget that."

He entered a waiting car as though he were dazed. McWilliams took a long intake of early morning air

and started to walk back to his hotel. He wanted to think.

It is not necessary to go into the details of McWilliams' plans. Working at top speed and with the assistance of the entire staff of one of the country's biggest advertising agencies he had turned loose the great engine of publicity. Ignoring costs entirely and using the telegraph and telephone wires to the limit, he spread the story of Marta Falmouth's disappearance from one end of the country to the other.

Using all the available space up to a full page in every daily paper in America he issued a clarion call that woke up the country as no other advertisement had ever woke it up. Across the top of a page in every daily paper printed in the United States on Monday, Oct. 26th, appeared the glaring headline in letters three inches deep— "ONE MILLION DOLLARS REWARD" and underneath in the boldest of type "For information leading to the arrest of the abductors of Marta Falmouth."

Then followed the story — crisply told — and illustrating the page was a four-column cut of Marta.

On Monday morning McWilliams met Roger Morton as the latter came into the offices of the Revolutionist National Headquarters. Roger was looking a little worn, but he smiled as he shook McWilliams by the hand.

"Good old Mac!" he said. "I knew you would

start something, but for every million we've got they can put up a hundred million."

"That isn't the point," said McWilliams. "The million dollars reward was introduced to attract attention, and to eliminate as many hiding places as possible. Wherever she is there she must stay. They won't dare to move her."

"You have another idea for tomorrow, then?" asked Roger.

"Most assuredly," said McWilliams. "In the advertisement you will see that I called attention to automobiles bearing New York numbers. Every car with a New York number, outside of New York, will be stopped fifty times a day by police and amateur detectives. Tomorrow I carry out my elimination process still further."

The advertisements on Tuesday were confined to New York City. They carried the "\$1,000,000 REWARD" heading, but followed it with the information that "Marta Falmouth is a prisoner in New York City." This information was given out for the purpose of having everybody in New York join in the search. It commanded everybody to go carefully through every room in their home, for ice-men, telephone repairers, tradesmen of all kinds, hospital employees, taxi-drivers, servants in apartments, everybody in the city, to make sure of their own immediate environment and to report anything that seemed suspicious.

Thousands of false leads were telephoned into the office. Hundreds of volunteer detectives came to offer their services. But the talk of the city — from one end to the other — was of Marta Falmouth.

The abduction began to have a distinct bearing on the campaign, itself. Prominent men and women hitherto noncommittal, began giving statements to the press in all parts of the country decrying such un-American, such inhuman methods.

A woman speaker filled out Marta's schedule and devoted half her speech to the abduction. Holman's speeches took on an oratorical flavor that electrified the nation. He wired Headquarters, demanding a bigger schedule and was promptly accommodated. The campaign took on an intensity and a vehemence such as no campaign ever has assumed before or since in our entire political history.

On Wednesday morning came McWilliams' masterstroke. He determined to win or lose on the effort. Leaving off the "\$1,000,000 Reward" heading, because it had served its usefulness in attracting attention, he spread the heading, "Marta Falmouth will be free tomorrow," in two deep lines across the pages of the Metropolitan press. The story stated positively that Marta's hiding place was known and that she would positively be released the following day.

Roger Morton had been behaving as well as could be expected. Cautioned by McWilliams against



doing anything rash he had finally settled down to the routine of the Headquarters.

"You owe it to Miss Falmouth not to let this thing destroy the campaign. Right now she is praying for you to go through to the finish. The finest thing you can do in her eyes is to keep the Revolutionist campaign going as well as possible."

"I think you're right, Mac," said the chairman. "But I never seemed to be so utterly helpless in all my life."

"They were planning on your complete collapse," said McWilliams.

"Well!" said Roger, pulling himself together, "we can defeat that proposition, even if we can't locate Marta." Thus he returned to the great machine he had built up.

On Wednesday afternoon, McWilliams sat in his office reading the proof sheets of a page advertisement. He was smiling to himself. He had sent for Roger. The latter now entered.

"Pardon me for having you come in here, Mr. Morton," said McWilliams, but it was very important. I've found Marta Falmouth."

Roger threw himself upon the table.

"Where is she?" he shouted.

"Take it easy!" said McWilliams. "I've had my suspicions from the very start. An hour ago I confirmed them. She's at your father's house on the Avenue."

"Seems ridiculous to think the Governor would do such a cruel thing," said Roger.

"Nothing ridiculous about it," said McWilliams, "and nothing cruel. Your father thinks that the Revolutionist party is a menace to the nation, really and truly thinks so. He couldn't think of any other way of breaking up the campaign, so he abducted Miss Falmouth. She's perfectly safe, I'm sure of that."

"Are you sure she is there?"

"Positively!" replied McWilliams.

"Who gave you the information?"

"Old man deduction clinched it an hour ago," said McWilliams.

"How so?"

"This advertisement was refused by every paper in New York except the Independent and your father called up the Independent and told them if they printed it he would sue them for libel."

"What did they tell him?"

"They politely told him to go straight to . . ."

"And then what did the Governor do?"

"He works fast," said McWilliams. "He has gotten out an injunction restraining the Independent from printing it on the ground that it will do him irreparable damage. He controls the Judge that did the job."

"What are we going to do, then, if we are tied up like that?" asked Roger.

"That's what I wanted to see you about," said

McWilliams. "We need Gilmore's help. He's got to print this advertisement in spite of the injunction."

"Contempt of Court?" suggested Roger.

"Well! it won't be the first time that Charley has shown his contempt for the Court when he felt he was doing the people a public service. Let's get down to his office."

## CHAPTER XXIX

### MARTA IS DELIVERED BACK TO HER PEOPLE

Although every newspaper in New York City except the morning edition of the Independent refused to run an advertisement that McWilliams had prepared for Thursday, the enormous circulation of the Independent enabled him to put his story across.

Ignoring precedent and with a sarcastic reference to a "fake injunction," Gilmore had turned over his entire front page to McWilliams. Rather than hurting the story, the silence of the other newspapers merely intensified it. An exclusive story in the hands of a million people who are aware that every pressure has been made to suppress it is infinitely more impressive than the same story given to the public in the general routine.

So it happened that one million excited readers of the Independent were telling the rest of New York's population that Marta Falmouth was to be freed at three o'clock that afternoon from the home of John Paine Morton on Fifth Avenue. The public was invited to be present. It was a daring stroke. With only circumstantial evidence and the elimination of every other possible hiding place through his publicity to

convince him, McWilliams has taken this one desperate chance to free Marta.

Over and over the situation he had gone, with Roger. It was too big a matter to discuss with anybody else. Even after he had gone into every detail he had failed to convince the latter.

It was Gilmore who had clinched matters. After listening to all the evidence, the big publisher quietly held up his hand and said:

"McWilliams, I'm convinced that Miss Falmouth is at the Morton home. Your reports of the unusual activity there, the failure of all the servants to be allowed out of the house, the effort of Morton, Senior, to suppress this story, and the fact that a million dollar reward would have uncovered her hiding place almost anywhere in New York, coupled with the one important fact that John Paine Morton would be more interested in her abduction than anybody else, all point the way you suggest.

"He would rely upon the court to protect him and on the police. By every process of reasoning she should be somewhere else and he has also been relying on that. Up to the time this advertisement was offered to the press he felt secure. He now knows you're suspicious.

"Well! the Independent will put New York City on the job tomorrow as it has never been on the job before. Leave the matter with me."

"But," persisted Roger, "suppose my father has

secreted Miss Falmouth in some other place. What then?"

Gilmore looked at McWilliams and grinned.

"It isn't everybody who understands the psychology of advertising. Even National Chairmen have things to learn. This is what will happen, my dear Roger, tomorrow at three o'clock. If your father and his gang of abductors do not produce Marta Falmouth, safe and unharmed, your father's life will not be a good insurance risk and if he knows anything he knows that."

McWilliams smiled.

"So you see," continued Gilmore, "that if Miss Falmouth is anywhere within striking distance of New York she will be on hand at three o'clock at the Morton home."

Roger Morton's jaws tightened until one could almost hear his teeth grinding.

"I leave it to you," he said, with determination. "Go the limit."

At ten o'clock a fair sized crowd had gathered in front of the Morton home on Fifth Avenue. Several mounted police tried to keep them moving. By noon the crowd had become absolutely unmanageable. Busses had stopped running and all traffic had closed.

At one o'clock the mass of people surged up the Avenue well beyond the Museum and as far South as the Plaza. Central Park was jammed the entire side of the Avenue. Impromptu speakers were tell-

ing those in their immediate vicinity what they thought about it.

Inside the Morton home a most unusual scene was taking place. Notified early in the morning of the announcement in the Independent, John Paine Morton had decided to stay in the house. Lannigan had advised this over the phone.

"The police will protect you," he assured the billionaire.

"Too bad we demobilized the National Guard," said Morton, angrily. "I told them that it was foolish, that this peace talk was all bosh and that we would need an armed force, some day, to preserve order."

"Forget that, chief!" replied Lannigan. "The police will take care of it. I'll have the Commissioner call out the entire reserve forces from Harlem and Brooklyn."

"Can't you get up here?" asked the billionaire, plaintively.

"I'll try to get there by noon," said Lannigan, in a brave tone, but he knew he was lying, when he said it. The Chief of the Universal Trust Company's secret service bureau was already preparing an alibi to square himself for his failure to be near the Morton home when the storm broke.

At one o'clock, without the assuring presence of Lannigan and with nothing but a thin cordon of mounted police about his home and with a surging

mass of humanity stretching off into the distance in every direction as far as his gaze could reach, the world's greatest money power decided to act on his own ideas. He had the butler, who was shivering with fear, escort Marta into the library. It was at least the tenth time that he had sent for her on some pretext or other. Always she had appeared calm and confident. This time she was smiling.

"Miss Falmouth," said the billionaire, "you hear that crowd outside?"

"Very plainly!" replied Marta.

"You know what it means?" asked Morton.

"Yes! It means that my hiding place has been discovered."

"Correct. Somebody has betrayed me and disclosed your presence in my home. I desire to have you leave, always keeping in mind that you were treated with the utmost respect while here."

"I shall keep in mind the fact that you never intended any bodily harm to come to me, Mr. Morton, but as for leaving here, I certainly shall not until I have heard from Roger."

"What has he got to do with your leaving?" asked Morton, in surprise.

"I don't know yet, but surely if half the population of New York know I am here, then Roger Morton knows it and has some plan in mind for getting me away. I shall go only when I hear from him."



"Suppose I insist that you go now?" said Morton, impatiently.

"Mr. Morton," said Marta, haughtily, "I have been a prisoner here for five days. I have made no threats. I knew that what inconvenience I might suffer was nothing to the mental trouble of those on the outside. I have no means to fight you. But I assure you of this, that if you attempt to interfere in the slightest with the plans of Roger Morton I will tell the truth to the crowd on the outside and not hold myself responsible for their actions."

The world's leading money-king huddled over in his chair. His face was ashen. Every few minutes could be heard the wild shouts of the crowd on the outside — the voices penetrating through the thick granite walls of the great mansion that Morton called his home. Fear was in his heart.

"Please sit down and talk to me, Miss Falmouth," he said, finally.

"Roger will be here at three o'clock, if he can get through the crowds."

"He will get through," said Marta, quietly. "The people love him. How did you know he would be here at three?"

"The newspapers are full of it," replied Morton. "Tell me more about this movement. All I know is what I read in the papers."

So for over an hour the head of the Women's Branch of the Revolutionist Party talked to the billionaire,

telling him what was in her heart, telling him her hopes, her expectations, telling him things that no audience could ever know, telling him, in plain and simple language, of the fundamentals of governments, of the needs for great changes, of the rights of the people and of the utter uselessness of great wealth unless properly applied. John Paine Morton listened, fascinated.

At ten minutes to three, there seemed to be an unusual noise on the outside. The shouting seemed more sustained and increasing in volume.

"That must be Roger coming for me," said Marta, with tears in her eyes. "I knew he would come."

"You love my son?" asked Morton, Senior, brokenly.

"He is the most wonderful man in the world!" declared Marta.

"Maybe we can see him from the front of the house," suggested the billionaire. So these two went to the Avenue side of the Morton home and the owner politely drew the curtains aside so that Marta saw the crowd for the first time.

"Roger is coming through the crowd. They are carrying him on their shoulders," said Marta, excitedly. She made a place for Morton to see.

The head of the Universal Trust Company looked out at the throng. He saw his son being borne on the shoulders of two strong men who were fighting their way through the crowd. All along there was an earnest attempt to make his path easy. The shout-

ing and cheering had become wild din. Even the police had joined in the reception.

"I have never seen the people in action before," said Morton to Marta.

"Isn't it wonderful?" replied Marta. "Just because they have found a leader, they show themselves in this manner. I think I had better go, now, Mr. Morton. Evidently Roger expects me! I shall go just as I am. The cape would be cumbersome."

Without saying a word, the head of the Universal Trust Company lead his involuntary guest to the front entrance. The steps had been cleared for Roger, who was now within a few feet of them. The door opened and Marta Falmouth stood forth. The door clicked behind her. Roger made a flying jump to the top steps and grasped her in his arms. A nearby clock chimed three strokes, but nobody heard it above the shouting and cheering.

Thus Marta Falmouth returned to her people and as she willingly gave herself into the embrace of Roger Morton, thus she told the people for the first time that she was soon to be married to the Chairman of the Revolutionist National Committee.

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE CLARION CALL TO THE COLORS

With Marta back in her office at the Women's Branch the Campaign took on an impetus that swept everything before it. The Democratic campaign had become a joke. Millions of sincere democrats, who felt the slight that had been apparently cast upon their party, joined the Revolutionists and swelled the attendance at rallies and all other activities in which numbers could manifest themselves.

Marta decided not to try to fill the Friday date on her schedule, but conserved her entire energy for the Saturday demonstration at Madison Square Garden. This was to be the greatest effort of the campaign.

McWilliams worked like a dozen men and showed a grasp of the political situation from one end of the country to the other that astonished even those who had begun to regard him as a wizard.

On Saturday morning a flood of money was thrown into the New York stock exchange to bet at odds on Halliday. It was the distress signal of the Republicans trying to keep their campaign from disintegrating entirely. No bets at all were offered on the Demo-

cratic candidate at any figure. The only candidates recognized were Holman and Halliday.

By arrangements made with the telephone system all over the United States at an expense running into hundreds of thousands of dollars, McWilliams had put over the greatest publicity stunt of all times. He had arranged for Holman's speech at the Garden on Saturday night to be heard in the largest halls of the country. Nearly every city and town in American was on the list. By talking into a big receiver and having a large accelerator at the other end, Holman was scheduled to speak to over thirty millions of people at one time.

Early in the day McWilliams had telegraphed advertising all over the West calling for the people to be in their seats, early, so that Marta Falmouth's speech, as well as that of Holman might be heard.

The telephone system officials promised to have connections all made as early as five-thirty on the West Coast.

Announcers at every hall cautioned the audiences against too lengthy applause, but the cautions were needless. From the time that Marta took the platform at eight-thirty and until Holman had finished his speech at eleven o'clock, the New York audience so dominated the situation that the other audiences were nearly always waiting when the speakers were able to resume.

Marta put the women of America on the line for

the Revolutionists. Speaking in a calm voice that sang its way over the copper wires of the telephone company into 30,000 halls, from Eastport to San Diego and from Key West to Seattle, she roused her hearers as they had never been roused before.

Holman's address, on this occasion, has been called the high water mark of American political oratory. He spoke as if inspired. Telling his hearers that over thirty millions of Revolutionists were gathered together to hear the living truth, he reviewed the campaign to date and then gave his audience their final instructions for the coming Tuesday.

"We must either become a free people or forever become the slaves of the money-power. The trail has been blazed. The way lies clear before us. There must be no let-up until the fight is won. We have done our work. The rest is up to the voters.

"I am sounding the bugle call to the colors of the Revolutionists. It is the first bloodless revolution ever attempted in all human history," he shouted.

"Let every sovereign citizen in America, who believes in Government of the people, go to the polls on Tuesday next, with head erect, confidence in the right and mark his ballot for the candidates of the Revolutionist party. He has no other choice.

"I leave tonight for my home in Kansas. I shall vote as soon as the polls are open. I shall vote the straight Revolutionist ticket, because in so voting I feel that I am doing my duty as a citizen of this Re-

public that will grow great if unshackled but will become a monetary autocracy if allowed to continue under its present system of selecting and electing candidates.

"I pledge myself, if chosen to be your President on Tuesday next, so to comport myself in the affairs of the nation as to merit this endorsement from my fellow citizens, 'He served faithfully the people who trusted him.' I can conceive of no greater honor.

"Good night! God be with you! On to victory under the banner of the people, for the voice of the people is the voice of God."

## CHAPTER XXXI

### VICTORY IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE

Election day came in clear. Just a slight touch of chill on the Eastern coast and as far South as Virginia. All over the West and through the South weather bulletins predicted fair weather, an ideal day for a big vote.

Marta Falmouth voted at her home in Cambridge at eight o'clock, being compelled to wait nearly fifteen minutes for the line to melt down. The waiting line was larger when she called for her ballot than it was when she first took her place.

As she came from the polling booth, a photographer stepped up politely and asked if she would please pose, which she did in her unfailingly gracious manner.

"Thank you, Miss Falmouth," said the photographer. "I hope your party wins today."

"Do you think we can carry conservative old Massachusetts?" asked McWilliams.

"Conservative old Massachusetts is going to smash all her recent traditions and go back to the days of '76, if I'm a judge," answered the newspaper man, folding up his camera and starting for the subway, leaving the head of the Women's Branch holding an



impromptu reception with some old neighbors. She left for New York at ten o'clock.

Holman voted at his home precinct in Kansas at the opening of the polls and then issued this crisp statement for the press. It was flashed all over the country, catching the early afternoon editions:

"I have done my duty as an American citizen." He then returned to his home, and in the presence of his wife and two children, calmly waited for the returns. He had done all that one man could do. The case of the Revolutionists was in the hands of the citizens of the United States.

Roger Morton voted at his old precinct, just around the corner from the Morton home. He was surprised to see quite a crowd in line as he alighted from his machine at eight-thirty. He knew many of the men and bowed to them. He also bowed to many of the fashionably dressed women in the line.

He thought he detected a slight coldness in their "good mornings," but figured that it was due more to his neglect of the social side of New York for the past six months rather than to the cause he was sponsoring. The man next in line to him was a prominent Bank President, closely in touch with the Universal Trust Company.

"Morning, Roger," he said, "I see that you are revolutioning early."

"Thank you, Chadwick. I didn't know you were

familiar with my party. What do you think of our chances?" he asked.

"They come and go," said Chadwick, smiling, "but the old Republican party goes on forever. I hate to hand you this, Roger, but I am of the opinion that Halliday will get the biggest vote any candidate ever received. He will sweep the country."

"Chadwick," said Roger, sarcastically, "I always cautioned you against reading the Tribune. It's beginning to tell on you, awfully."

At the Women's Branch and at the National General Headquarters, a checker was stationed as each employee came to his work.

"Where did you vote and what were the conditions at the polls? Were the Revolutionist checkers in evidence?" These questions were put to every employee, men and women, and the replies noted.

Roger arrived at General Headquarters at 9 o'clock and took charge. Among the hundreds of telegrams from all over the country were two that had been set aside. One was from Marta saying she was on the train arriving at three o'clock and the other was from McWilliams stating that Boston was polling the biggest vote in her entire history. He put five clerks at work sorting telegrams that required answers and answering emergency phone calls.

At noon he sent for the National Treasurer for a conference.

"I don't know how close you can be to the bills of

tion boards permitted counting in blocks were included in the news.

Bancroft had been eliminated by the New York World in a statement issued at 3.30 to the effect that "all indications point to the fact that the contest entirely between Holman and Halliday."

The Buffalo Enquirer issued this bulletin at 4.15. "Holman appears to have carried Buffalo by 22,000."

It was the only bulletin on a large scale that had come in. Roger looked at Marta and the latter smiled back at him. There was nothing to say. It seemed too good to be true.

Two minutes later, the Baltimore Sun was quoted "From returns all over the state, it appears that Holman will carry Maryland by a slight margin. The Electoral vote may be split."

A flood of small bulletins followed, some favorable, others decidedly the other way. At six o'clock towards in the residential section of Boston were reported. Halliday had carried the two wards by over 2,500 votes.

"I know those two wards," said Marta, quietly speaking for the first time in over an hour. "If that the best Halliday can do in those two wards he will lose Boston by 40,000."

Then came the deluge. From all over the nation the story of the votes began to come in. Little out-of-the-way places had their few seconds of attention, their flash of glory, and were lost again. Savanna

Georgia, and Detroit, Michigan, came through side by side, one trying to keep Bancroft from being ignored and the other giving Dan Holman a rousing majority.

It became evident as the vote was analyzed by the expert accountants who were working like beavers on the figures that, while Holman was getting enormous votes in the East, he was going to have hard work to overcome the vote of Halliday. Holman had captured practically the entire strength of Bancroft in the Republican states, but in the strong Democratic states of the South, this condition, of course, did not prevail.

At eight o'clock, Massachusetts was in doubt, as also were New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Indiana. Other Eastern states were apparently safe for Halliday except Maryland, which had swung to Holman and stayed there.

At 8.15 one of the clerks on the phone smiled and then said, "Wait a minute." He yelled across the room at Roger, "Mr. Holman wants to speak to you!"

Roger leaped to the phone.

"Hello! Dan," he shouted. "We've been waiting to hear from you."

"Well! put this down to the everlasting glory of my native state," came back the Revolutionist candidate for President. "We have carried Kansas by 100,000 on the face of the returns."

Roger shouted the figures to the crowd, yelled con-

gratulations at Holman and then Marta walked over and took the phone from him.

"Good evening, Mr. Holman," she said. "I'd like to speak to Mrs. Holman, if I may."

A second later she said so that all the group could hear her:

"Good evening, Mrs. Holman. I want to congratulate you. The women of the United States are depending on you for the next four years as they have never depended upon one woman in the history of our country. . . .

"No! there isn't any doubt, any more, over the election. The West has settled it. Good night."

"She is crying," said Marta, turning to those who were listening. "Why do women always cry after the battle has been won?"

She turned, and with her handkerchief at her eyes, went into the private office of the Chairman.

It was there, a half hour later, that Roger found her, with her head buried in her arms on a desk.

"Come, dear," he said, putting his hands on her shoulders, "we will go and have something to eat. It's all over. The Sun has just given Holman Massachusetts, New York, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska and every state west of the Mississippi."

"I really don't feel like eating, Roger," said the head of the Women's Branch.

"Then we will talk," suggested the National Chairman.

As they were going through the general offices, McWilliams, the publicity man, stopped them.

"Sign there!" He handed them two typewritten statements.

"What for?" asked Roger, smiling.

"They're statements for the press," replied McWilliams. "Since we've carried the country I have to be very careful about what goes out. These are two dandy statements, but I'm not taking chances."

Closing his eyes, Roger asked, "Where do I sign?"

Following his example, Marta said the same thing.

"No wonder we won this fight," commented McWilliams, "you are the only people who ever ran a campaign who were not afraid to trust the publicity man, blindly."

"The ceremony will be at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, Mac," said Roger, irrelevantly. "I want you and Holman to be there. Nobody else is to be present, except the clergyman."

McWilliams nodded understandingly and went back to his typewriter.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY

Besides the officiating clergyman and the bride and groom the only people at the marriage ceremony making Roger Adams Morton and Marta Falmouth husband and wife, were President-elect Dan Holman and McWilliams, the publicity man of the Revolutionist party.

As the four came from the Rectory of the Church in Fifty-eighth Street, after the ceremony, they failed to pay any attention to a car waiting up the street, but entered their own car, which headed for the Parkway Hotel.

"Awfully glad to see you, Dan," said the groom. "How you feeling?"

"Like taking a long, long sleep if I ever get a chance," replied the Nation's new chief-servant. "I've got six secretaries answering my telegrams and letters of congratulations."

"One thing you will always be grateful for," said Roger.

"What's that?" requested Dan.

"That we didn't make a single deal with anybody except the people as a whole. There isn't a job or an

official act tied up. You are the freest man who ever was elected to public office in America."

"Do you mean to tell me that I don't owe you something, Roger?" demanded Holman.

Young Morton looked at his wife and smiled. Shaking his head he said, "Nobody in the world owes me anything, Dan. In fact, I feel indebted to everybody."

Marta didn't speak. Her face was almost as crimson as the colors of the University in whose shadows she had grown to womanhood.

The party alighted at the Parkway and went to Marta's rooms for a wedding breakfast. The news had gone forth and the rooms were lined with flowers. Respecting the evident wishes of the young couple the hotel management had insisted upon no newspaper interviews or parties of congratulation. Everybody had been kept in ignorance of the time and place of the ceremony. Those few who had guessed it correctly had been kept from breaking in on the wedding party.

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The President of the Universal Trust Company sat in the library at his home. He was pale and nervous. He tapped the table with a heavy ivory paper knife. The phone rang.

"Hello!" answered Morton.



"Lannigan, talking," came over the phone. "Married ten minutes ago. They are at Miss Falmouth's rooms in the Parkway, eating a breakfast."

"Who in the party?" asked the world's money king.

"Roger, the bride, Holman and McWilliams, the publicity man."

"Thanks! that's all I wanted to know." The President of the Universal Trust Company hung up the receiver and hurriedly left the room.

Shortly afterward the clerk at the desk of the Parkway Hotel made the announcement to Roger that John Paine Morton would like to see him.

"Send him up!" said the younger Morton, turning to his guests, with a troubled look on his face. "My father is coming up," he offered in explanation.

"Well! I'm going," said McWilliams. "I will draft the bill for a publicity department in the Cabinet at once, Mr. Holman, and send it to you."

"You are to have the position, McWilliams," Holman assured him. "I believe you will make it the biggest place in the Cabinet."

"Good chance. We'll see!" McWilliams shook hands and left.

John Paine Morton entered the room and looked across at his son. He bowed to Holman and Marta. They all three waited for him to speak.

"Roger, I'm proud of you. Holman, I congratulate you. Young woman, I deem it an honor to be re-

lated to you. I thought you should know how I felt in the matter, so I came to tell you in person."

Roger crossed the room. He put his hands on his father's shoulders and looked him full in the eyes.

"Governor," he said, his voice shaking, "I didn't think anything could add to my happiness, but you have doubled it by what you have just said."

"You are the cleanest, hardest and the squarest fighter this country ever produced," said the elder Morton, heartily, "and I'm glad you won."

Holman crossed the room and took the banker by the hand.

"When did you conclude that the affairs of the country could be entrusted to us with safety?" asked the President-elect.

"It began growing on me at three o'clock, last Thursday, and on Saturday night I had the telephone company give me a private wire so that I heard your speech," said the banker.

"I believe you are a safer man than Halliday. I only regret that I can't help out your administration without being accused of self-interest. I'd like to help." His voice was almost pleading.

"You'll be given an opportunity," said Holman, curtly.

"How?" asked Morton, in eagerness.

"I have had you slated for Secretary of the Treasury since yesterday," replied Holman, taking a sheet of paper from his pocket. "Here is the full list."

In amazement, the banker looked at it.

"Not speaking for myself," he said, "I should say that America cannot produce a brainier Cabinet."

"This will be an administration of brains. Governments can't be run without them. Democracies especially, need them," said Holman. "We shall consider it settled then."

"You really believe I can fill the position?" asked Morton.

"Absolutely sure of it," said Holman, with conviction. "That's why I want you in it. Our greatest mistakes have been in putting little men into big jobs. They always rattle around. I'm going to reverse the process."

"I shall be in Washington on the day of your inauguration, ready for duty, Mr. President," said Morton, heartily. "Good day!"

He stepped to the door and turned before going out. Nobody noticed him at all. Roger Adams Morton was looking into the eyes of the most beautiful woman in the world and Dan Holman, of Kansas, was looking intently at a steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln, speaking. The title of the picture was "Lincoln at the Field of Gettysburg." The lips of the President-elect were moving. A person versed in lip-reading would readily interpret what he was saying to be "that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Holman's eyes closed as if he were at prayer.

The world's greatest money-power shut the door softly as he went out into the turbulent world of affairs. He was thinking. "Maybe the people can be trusted, after all," he mused. "They really haven't been given many opportunities, recently, and the experiment is surely worth trying."

END















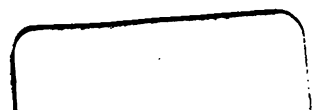
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